A ROYAL ARBOR OF LOYAL POESIE,

Consisting of

Poems and Songs.

Digested into

TRIUMPH,
ELEGY,
SATYR,
LOVE
&
DROLLERY.

Composed by *Tho. Jordan.*

——————*Mediocribus esse Poetis*
Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ.
Horace, de Arte Poetica.

London, Printed by *R. W.* for *Eliz. Andrews*, at the White Lion near *Pye-Corner*,

To the moſt liberall Lover of Sciential Induſtry and Native Ingenuity, the truly Noble,

Mr. JOHN BENCE
MERCHANT

Much honored Sir,

When you ſhall pleaſe to make a review of your own ſerene Merits, and peruſe with pauſing Curioſity theſe Poetical Imperfections, my fears are that you will condemn my Confidence; *but my hopes are as great, that you will commend my* Prudence: *from whence I extract this preſumption, that though all* Criticks *ſhould comply to cry down my* Wit

in composing my Poems, *they shall ap-*
plaud my Judgement *in the choice of my*
Patron. *Sir, Your own deservings de-*
clare You to be no less then a Palace of
Honour, *if these* Poems *like a Vine, or*
Woodbine, may support themselves upon
your Edifice, they shall, by this fortunate
transplantation, grow more fragrant, and
gratifie your Indulgence. The business of
the whole World is but folly diversified,
nor can I make a better Apology *for my*
Poetry, *but that it is* Vanity *in* variety;
yet no less innocent *then those* Actions
which the noblest Persons *in the* wor-
thiest Times *have esteemed their cleerest*
Recreations. *I must confess that the mul-*
tiplicity of reasonless Rhymers *and* irre-
gular Readers, *have very much deface*
the Majesty *of* Poesie, *but one beam of*
Your favour *will re-inthrone it. Sir, you*
will finde some pieces in this promiscuous
Gal-

Gallery *very* plainly *drest*, *but withall very* properly; *for my aims were always rather at* aptitude *then* altitude, *and to make my Compositions more genuine then gorgeous, it is no more proper in* Poets *then in Painters, to clothe a Tinker in Tissue: Sir, (in one word) Your Candor hath compell'd me to make these Poetical Addresses, if any thing in them may either provoke Your praise, or pardon, I shall congratulate that happy means, which hath safely conducted me to so splendid a sphere of* Love *and* Ingenuity, *and be alwayes studious to deserve (what I have been ever ambitious to desire) a seat in Your memory, and liberty to subscribe,*

Sir,

The humblest of all your faithful Servants, and the devoutest of your Honourers,

Tho. Jordan.

To all Noble, Learned, and Ingenious Lovers, of Poets, and Poetry.

Most Royal, Honourable, and truly Worthy.

ALthough *Poets* and *Poetry* (which the best ages formerly had in an exalted Estimation) are, in these *loose latter times* so discrowned and discouraged, that the very *Name* is made but a Title of Infamy, and their inspired Persons considered but in the needless number of metrical Mendicants; (because *Poverty* and *Poetry* are such Correlatives) yet I hope *those Persons* to whom I direct my Endeavours, and would onely select to be my Supervisors, are qualified with diviner Inspecti-

on

on. It hath been frequently obſervable amongſt Hiſtorians, when *Times* did grow degenerate, and declined into *Barbariſm*, *Poetry* did wane into contempt and contumely, but (*è contrario*) in flouriſhing, well modell'd and orderly guided *Republicks* it advanced to *Honour* and admiration. I am not ſo extravagant as once a preſented Poetaſter (in a good Comedy) ſaid, *Who loves not Verſe is damn'd:* nor ſo rapt with a vain-glorious humour and ſelf-admiration as old *Ben* was when he made this *Diſtick*, the Theam being *Poets.*

when God begins to do ſome excellent *thing,*
He makes a Poet *or, at leaſt, a* King.

But I am perſwaded that the *Prieſts of Apollo* are very much better then the ſquint-eyed ſouls of ruſtick capacities render them.

I remember (very opportunely) that I once presented a Manual of *Meeter* to a very popular *Physician* of this *City* in *Oliver*'s time, who made me no better return, then that *He hated Poetry*; after which words such a judgement fell upon him, that he hath lien sweating under the heavy displeasure of *Venus* ever since. I could tell you more and worse punishments that have fallen upon such *Hereticks*, but I should then make my *Epistle* exceed the length of my *Book*, and your *patience*; which I fear I shall preserve to suffer more by the *Saw* of my rude Compositions, although never the intent of

Your Servant,

Tho. Jordan.

An Induction.

WHen eighteen years had crucify'd our Pleasure,
With Civil Swords, by wasting Blood and Treasure;
When by the Power of a Schismatick brood
Religion's glorious face was in a Cloud;
After the mildest *King* the Sun e're saw
Was murther'd by imaginary Law:
When *Cov'nants* made to *God*, *Angels*, and *Men*
Were broke by those who fain would do't agen;
After they did the Bloody Corps Interr,
Of Praying, Preaching, Perjur'd *Oliver*;
When Parliaments were worn unto the stump,
And *England*'s Head was ruled by a Rump;
When (blinde with sorrow) we began to grope,
When all were out of heart, and out of hope:
Then MONCK, the King of *Gen'rals* came forth
In a mysterious March out of the North,
To *London* City; where he and his Men
Pull'd down the Gates, but set them up agen:
When by his smiles he put hope in us all,
This Speech was spoken to him in this Hall.

A Speech made to his Excellency the Lord General Monck, *and the Council of State, at* Skinners-Hall *on* Wednesday, *being the Fourth of* April, 1660. *At which time he was nobly entertained by that Honourable Company.*

I Can forbear no longer, out it must
If I shall prove ingenious or just,
I have with wary eyes observ'd your steps,
Your Stands, your Turns, your Pauses and your Leaps,
And finde, however you may mask your brow,
You are a Statesman, and ambitious too:
A right self-ended Person, for be't known,
Yours and the Publick Safety are all one;
You are ambitious to be *good*, that feat
Our Statesmen mist, for they were to be *great*:
But yet (as *Solomon* made that choice which
Commanded all) Wisdom will make you rich,
And great, and glorious; and these shall last
As long as time, and after time is past:
When such as have their Countreys Rights betray'd,
Shall receive pay in *Lucifers* Brigade.
My Lord, I scorn to flatter, I'le be true t'ye,
All the good Deeds y'have done, are but your Duty;
But yet your hand stretch't in Jehovahs Name
Hath snatch'd three burning Kingdoms from the Flame;
Our Laws, our Liberties, or what to us,
And all mankinde may be held precious,
Were at the Stake, this Action hath out-run
All thought; we cannot tell you what y'have done,

Nor

Nor you your self, it may not be expreſt
Till divers years have made it manifeſt:
Thoſe ravenous beaſts that our deſtruction wrought,
When Church and State were to the *Barebone* brought,
(*Praiſe God*) you ranſom'd, and without a Club,
Beat down the daring Doctrine of the Tub;
The ſinking Pulpit to you did reſtore,
Our Apron-Prelates muſt come there no more;
And now the Iron-Monger will not ruſh in,
But ceaſe to make an Anvile of the Cuſhin:
This you have done, quite unknown to the ſilly
Prognoſtications of *Booker* and *Lilly*,
Who know not (with all help their Arts can do)
What 'tis guides *Charles his Wain* ſo well as you.
But I forget my Meſſage, Sir! by me
This faithful Hoſpitable Company
Doth bid you welcome; welcome as the Spring,
As you your ſelf would welcome home — the thing
We all expect, without the which, each Nation
Subſiſteth onely by Anticipation:
Theſe ten or twelve years our three Kingdoms have
Liv'd in a darkneſs equal to the Grave,
Stifled for want of breath until the bright
Beams of your Preſence gave a little light:
'Tis yet but twilight, could we gain the Sun,
And the clear wholeſome air, the work were done;
You can diſpel theſe miſts and make all fair,
We ſue for nothing but the *Sun* and *Air*

Continuation of the Induction.

THe wary General whose Art did lye
Much in the soul of business, secresie,
Was so obscure in all his postures we
Could not discover his dark Loyalty;
So silent was his tongue, secret his face,
We could by neither finde he did embrace
Our royal hints; but when the upshot came,
Swifter then powder, put into a flame,
Through an obscuring Cloud before he speaks,
Even as a hand Granado e're it breaks,
He fir'd us all, for (with a true consent)
The Kingdom calls a full Free Parliament,
That he by lawful consequence might bring
The suffering Sovereignty of our Dread King
Home to his glories, which no time could do
But this, 'cause Providence would have it so:
And now the Scene is chang'd, for what before
The people did so hatefully abhor,
They heartily embrace: no other thing
Can prove so great a Cordial as the King:
Nothing but He can cure 'm, for the Devil
Had over-run the Land with the Kings Evil.
Now he's Proclaim'd the Bells joyfully ring, (*May*
The Bonfires blaze, all cry, *God save the King*; (10.
'Twill make all Ages study and admire on't,
Him whom they call'd the Son of the late Tyrant,

I

Is now a God; and no where can be had
(To heal their Wounds) the Balm of *Gilead*,
But in King *Charles*; whole Troops of glitt'ring Men
Contend by thousands who shall fetch him in:
The City sends forth acclamations high,
No Prayers are made but for his Majesty.
Thus do they guard him to *Whitehall*, where we (*May*
Will pray for him and his Posterity, (29.
That when the worst of State-Distempers spring,
We may be cur'd by praying for the King.

Another Speech at Goldsmiths-Hall *to the General*, April, 9. 1660.
After a Song concluding with a Chorus *of Amity.*
Enter a Sea Captain, he divideth the Singers and speaketh.

LEt me make one too; Are ye grown so stout
To contrive Peace, and leave the Sea-man out;
Have you in these large bowls which Plenty gave ye
Drank off the Ocean, and swallow'd the Navy?
You never think upon our Rocks and Shelves,
So you may sludge in safety by your selves;
Are not you *Brittains*? is not Navigation
The onely guard, and glory of a Nation:
Can ye have Treasure brought without a Fleet,
What is it gilds *Cheap-side* and *Lumbard-street*,
But our Sea Trade? by our cutting the curl'd
Ocean, ye hold Commerce with all the world;
Whence come your costly Carpetings and Works,
That grace the Chambers of Triumphant Turks,

But from beyond Sea? and wise men of trust
Believe if we have peace agen, it must
Come from beyond Sea, and d'ye go about
To make a Peace and leave the Main Mast out.
But where's my Admiral? Oh! I have spy'd him,
His merits are so clear, no Clouds can hide him;
I must go droll with him though, what chear! hey?
Up to the ears in Custard, here's a fray
Compounded without blood-shed, these would be
Good bits upon a March, *George*, or at Sea;
When in the fury of tempestuous Weather
We and our meat are pickled up together:
Here are pure Quarters, Plenty keeps her Spring
In *London*, 'tis a City for a King.
I came just now ashore to speak with you,
Directly up to *Goldsmiths-Hall*, I knew
Where I should finde you out, you love to settle
With honest hearts, and men of the best mettle;
They love Saint *George*, and yet do highly set
A value on Saint *Dunston*, they'r well met,
Both of them put the Devil in a dump,
One had him by the nose, 'tother the Rump,
And thereby hangs a tail: when I came hither,
My business and my boldness mixt together
Made me thrust in; where crowd ye cry'd they all,
Quoth I to speak with my Lord General,
I'm one of his Sea Captains; presently
The Master, and the generous Company
All bad me welcome, and did strongly woo
Me to bid you so, and this Council too;

In

In these or such like words they bade me say,
The Sun's not welcomer to a dark day
Then you are to this City; for you are
Temp'rate in undertakings, stout in War.
Prudent in Councils, quick when dangers call,
Secret in great designs, honest in all;
'Twould make the rudest Rebel quite renounce ill,
To see but such a Souldier, such a Council,
God prosper both, and may you never cease
Till you have brought home the bright Princes peace,
That long lost Lady, could we make a Crown
As rich as that was worn by *Solomon*,
Rather then we would lose her, or displease her
(I mean fair Peace) we'd give that Crown to *seize her.*

A Speech spoken to the General and Council, when he was feasted at Fishmongers-Hall.

After a Song of difference betwixt the Lawyer, the Souldier, the Citizen, and the Countrey-man: The Chorus *being ended, Enter the Speaker habited properly for the Ghost of* Mallianello *Fisherman of* Naples.

IS your Peace just? what Rock stands it upon?
Conscience and Law make the best union;
If you gain Birth-rights here by Blood and Slaughter,
Though you sing now, you'l cry for ever after;
Trust my experience one that can unfold
The strangest truest tale that e're was told:
In my degree, few men shall overtake me,
I was as great as wickedness could make me:

This heart, this habit, and this tongue to boot
Commanded forty thousand Horse and Foot:
In three dayes time, my fortune grew so high
I could have match't my Fisher's family
With the best blood in *Naples*; right and wrong,
And life and death attended on my tongue;
Till by a quick verticity of fate,
I finde too soon what I repent too late;
And though a Rebel in a righteous cloathing,
My glow-worm-glories glimmer'd into nothing:
Thus fell that Fisherman that had no fellow,
I am the wandring shade of *Massanello*;
Who since I was in this perdition hurl'd,
Am come to preach this Doctrine to the world.
Rebels, though back't with power and seeming reason,
Time and success shall feel the fate of Treason.
But stay! what Picture's this hangs in my sight?
'Tis noble *Walworth* the King-saving Knight,
That stab'd *Jack-Straw*; had *Walworth* liv'd within
These four Months, where had *Jack* the Cobler bin?
It was a bold brave deed, an act in season,
Whilst he was on the top-branch of his Treason;
But from that shadow dropping down my eye,
I see a substance of like Loyalty.
If long renowned *Walworth* had the fate
To save a *King*, you have to save a *State*.
And who knows what by consequence, the Knight
By that brave deed, gain'd every man his right;
And you by this, may give each Man his due,
Not onely Trusty hearts, but Traytors too:

He

He drew Blood, you did not, 'tis all one ſence,
There's but a *Straw's* breadth in the difference:
He ſav'd the Town from being burnt, and you
Have reſcu'd it from Fire and Plunder too:
He was this *Companie's* good *Beneſactor*,
And you have been their *Liberties* Protector;
For which I heard them ſay they would engage
Their States and Bloods, and Lives againſt all rage
That ſhould oppoſe your juſt Deſign; and that
You are the welcom'ſt Gueſt ever came at
This Table: they ſay all they can exhibit,
Is not ſo much a Treatment as a Tribute.
They call you the firſt ſtep to *England's* Peace,
The right fore-runner of our happineſs.
And joyn'd with theſe great Councellors, you are
Our beſt preſervatives in Peace and War.
You have a Loyal Heart, a lucky hand
Elected for the Cure of this ſick Land;
Who (by Protectors and unjuſt Truſtees)
Hath been enſlav'd, and brought upon her knees:
We humbly pray this may be thought upon,
Before the Kingdoms Treaſure be quite gone,
And hope you will (though envy look a ſquint)
When all is fit, put a Juſt *STEWARD* in't.

Chorus of ten Voices.

THen may your Fame out-live all ſtory
And prove a Monument of Glory,
Kings and Queens (as Tribute due)
On their knees ſhall pray for you,

Whilſt

Whilſt all true hearts confeſs with Tongue and Pen
A Loyal Subject is the beſt of Men.

A Speech Compoſed to Welcome to the Engliſh Shore, the moſt Sacred and Inimitable Majeſty of Charles *the Second, perſonated by the* Genius *of* England.

MIrrour of Majeſty, bright Riſing Sun,
The virtues of all Kings compriz'd in one;
How ſhall I look on thee Great Lord of Light,
Lay by thy Beams, or fortifie my ſight;
Thou art ſo frequent at the Throne of Grace,
That Gods reflective Glory gilds thy Face:
Shall I make bare my Feet, as I am bound,
Or ſhall I kneel, for ſure 'tis Holy Ground?
I will do ſo, *England* behold and bluſh,
Here's the beſt Emblem of the burning Buſh:
I need not paraphraſe, but wiſh this Nation
May come to Uſe as well as Application.
Remember *Worceſter*, that eſcape may well
Match the demenſions of a Miracle;
Had I been Rebel of the worſt degree,
That very Fate would have converted me;
Who ſaw not that, ſaw nothing. ——But I come
Dread Majeſty to bid you welcome home,
So doth the Kingdom too, and all about ye;
For (in plain terms) we could not live without ye.
The Law and Goſpel too bad us good night,
All had been *wrong* if you had loſt your *right*.

Till

Till *Lot* came out, great *Sodoms* lofty Towers
Could not take fire, this very case is ours.
The Land ere this had all in ashes bin
But that, as theirs went out our *Lot* came in;
Each individual person in this Nation,
May bid you welcome next to their salvation:
The very Schismaticks, and such as are
The manifest incendiaries of War
May bid you welcome; for their Lives and Lands
Had else been ravish'd by each others hands:
You have a Kingdom here in order put,
So out of frame, *Chaos* was nothing to't;
Your very presence doth at once dispence
Light, heat, life, growth, and God-like influence:
You gain'd commission from the King of Kings,
To bring us our Redemption in your Wings.
Therefore may all the Joyes that Kingdoms want,
All that good men can beg, or God can grant,
All kindes of happiness past and to come
From the Creation, till the day of Doom,
Fall on your Majesty; may every thing
Contribute to the comforts of the King.
And when the beauties of a Royal Bride
Shall by your Sacred Arms be tanct'li'd;
May the pure power of Union so inflame ye,
That married Pairs may prosper when they name ye.
And may your Princely Progeny out-vye
The Stars for Light and Multiplicity.
You are a man, Sir, *after Gods own Heart*,
May *Stuarts* Name, and *Englands* Crown ne're part;

But

But may it prove our Comfort and our Cure,
So long as either Sun or Moon endure;
May you have faithful Councellours, and all
As just as *George* your Loyal General:
May Peace Crown all, and if there ever sprung
A Prophets Spirit in a Poet's Tongue,
May mine hit right, and all my dayes I'le sing
Upon no theam but this, *God and the King*.

A Prologue to the King.

LOng live the King in your Celestial Eyes
The vertue of our late Creation lyes;
Our Re-Creation, for on English Earth,
You are to every thing a second birth:
We must acknowledge Liberty nor Lands
Could come more grateful then your Dread Commands,
Did to our very souls; but we are sorry
We should this Night attend on so much glory,
With such weak worth; or your clear sight engage
To view the remnants of a ruin'd Stage;
For doubting we should never play agen,
We have play'd all our *Women* into *Men*,
That are of such large size for flesh and bones,
They'l rather be taken for Amazons
Then tender Maids; but your mercy doth please,
Daily to pass by as great faults as these:
If this be pardon'd we shall henceforth bring
Better oblations to *my Lord the King*.

This shows that men played Women's parts even after the Restoration.

Epi-

Epilogue to the King.

WE have all done, if we have giv'n distaste,
It were much better we had done our last;
But mighty Monarch, in your power it lies,
And onely yours to save or sacrifice:
What we do want in playing, it shall be
Supply'd in praying for your Majesty.

On a Picture of the Kings Escape in the Oake.

BEhold the King, to avoid danger's stroke
Confines his Royal Body in an Oake,
Which liv'd until his Fathers Life was done,
Then dyed to prove a safety for the Son;
And to us all this well-try'd truth imparts,
Better trust hollow Trees then hollow Hearts.

On the King and Mistris Lane *on Horseback.*

BEhold a Lady who had once the honour
Of having a great King to wait upon her;
A Matchless Madam, Pieties restorer,
For in one man four Kingdoms rides before her;
The great Defender (as true Story saith)
Of him that is *Defender of the Faith.*

On the Picture of the King on Horseback in Parliament Robes.

BEhold King *Charles* the second doth present
In Royal Robes both King and Parliament;
Which signifies, that in thought, word, and deed,
The King and Parliament are both agreed,
Whilst Traytors Heads are mounted on that Hall
Where *Charles* the first did finde his final fall
By an High Court of Justice, who consent
At once to ruine King and Parliament:
Long live the King, and God (in whom his trust is)
Preserve his life from such High Courts of Justice.

On Pictures of the King and Queen.

They were married in May, 1662.

TWo of the brightest Stars that have been seen
Shine in this glorious King and vertuous Queen,
In whose fair souls all that is good and great
In *England*, (or in *Portugal*) are met;
And may the Heirs of *Charles* and *Katharine* be
The stems of all succeeding Sovereignty.

On Pictures of the Duke and Dutchess of York. ✝

BEhold *Yorks* Duke and Dutchess too, whose lives
Are patterns for good Husbands and chaste Wives,
Good nature and good nurture too in them
Make Love appear the greatest Diadem;

✝ Her eldest d. Mary was b. 30 Ap. May 1662, and her marriage soon after. as was id.

May they all ne're more see (as sad beholders)
Religions head upon Rebellions shoulders.

A Prologue to the King, August 16. 1660.

SUre such a glory so serene, so bright,
Started from *Chaos* when God call'd for light,
For (like that glittering birth of Beams) you do
Transluminate this Western world from you
Our Saint, our Soul, our Sovereign, our King,
We live and grow as the Sun broods the Spring:
Then (as in Loyalty oblig'd) 'tis fit
We render part of our small stock, our Wit
Which hath so long been crampt under their rage
Who durst not see their actions on the stage,
That numb'd with a stupidity we fear
We shall assault the softness of your ear;
We have been so perplex't with Gun and Drum,
Look to your Hats and Cloaks, the Redcoats come.
D'Ambois is routed, *Hotspur* quits the Field,
Falstaff's out-filch'd, all in confusion yield;
Even Auditor and Actor, what before
Did make the *Red-Bull* laugh, now makes it roar:
We curse the misery in which our Trade is,
And are secur'd, but our magnifick Ladies
(Thinking to 'scape them) are torn by the Throats
And (like Wine Porters) put in Petty-coats,
Dragg'd to the *Muse* for Plotters; but your presence
Nullifies them, and gives us a new Essence,

Till

Till you came hither all was so forlorn
We wish'd we had been buried, or unborn;
All things were retrograde, the night and day
Were shrinking to *Prima Materia*:
We liv'd in such a strange distorted age
Men durst not see their Figures on the stage;
But furious as the deform'd Lady was,
Who for revenge brake her own Looking-glass;
They crack'd our mirrour, and now none but you,
Dread Majesty, can *Mend* or make us *New*.

A Prologue to a Play call'd The Florentine Ladies, *played in the Night by Gentlemen.*

YOu're welcome to our Ladies, and I know
Most courteous Gallants, Ladies will please you;
Though at this hour, or midnight, else I'le swear
Most of our Knights are lost with the last year:
These creatures are of *Florence*, and not scorn
To let you know they are *Italians* born;
Your Ladies, worthy Gentlemen, 'tis thought
Love things that are far fetch't and dearly bought:
Why should not they who of this opinion are
Let you love Ladies that are come so far;
It is a question, and they may mistake
Our Ladies to be Ladies of the Lake;
Which in our English broadness is a Whore,
Then what are we, nay they that keep the door;
What are you too, my Masters? something 'tis
That make your Wives thus follow you to this.

A shrew'd suspicion when our wandring Knights
Arrest strange Ladies, and so late at nights;
But there's no hurt, for if they please but you,
We doubt not they'l content your Ladies too.
Pray take't as 'tis, the best we can afford,
If we do please, why so. *Hab nab's* the word.

The Epilogue, on New-Years-Day at Night.

WIth the New Year these Marriages begin, (in,
Which will be broke e're the next year come
Unless your hands do give us, all our pains
In Love is lost, if you forbid the banes:
But if you grant us Licence, and appear
Each day to see us thorow the whole year;
Come to our Wedding, to requite your loves,
Shew us your hands we'l fit you all with Gloves.

A Prologue to a Play of mine, call'd, Love hath found his eyes; or Distractions.
Entered at Whitehall's Hall, June 19, 1660.

I Know ye did expect me, but for what,
To say we have a Play, the Bills shew that;
Why let's begin then, Sound —But some will say
Are there no faults in th' Actors, or the Play
To beg your patience for? Yes faith, there's store,
Yet all we crave is you'l not make 'em more.
A very just petition, and 'tis fit
I think, we bear no more then we commit;

Yet there are ſome, wiſe judges, that do ſeek
To raiſe their laughter on what you diſſike:
The errors of the Actors, and they be
The witty tribe of our own Quality;
Why let them laugh, they paid for't, why ſhould we
Deprive a man of that felicity,
That cannot help nor hurt us; and I pray
How e're it prove, don't call't a *Pretty Play*:
Let it be good or bad, that ſlight word pritty
Shews the Play naught, and the depraver witty.
The language is but low, and the invention
No higher then a common apprehenſion,
And (in a word) the Authours wiſh is ſuch
You'l not deſpair, nor yet expect too much.

The Epilogue ſpoken by Cupid.

I Hope theſe mutual Marriages expreſs
My opticks are reſtor'd for each diſtreſs
The Lovers once ſuppos'd they had by me,
I have converted to a Jubilee.
All's happy but my ſelf, for I poor I
That figure an eternal Deity,
Muſt quit my glorious ſupremacy
To ſtand the cenſure of mortality:
Be curteous to a God, then whoſe high laws
Commands all hearts, yet now muſt beg applauſe;
For if you cenſure me like rig'rous men,
You ſpoil the plot and ſtrike me blinde agen:

All

All our diſtractions now are out of date,
I would they were ſo too in Church and State,
That *Englands* King and People were at reſt
Without confounding eithers intereſt;
That jealouſies and fears may never more
Let loyal hearts lie weltring in their gore;
That ſo the God of Love may often view
This Iſland and preſent himſelf to you.

A Speech by the way of Epilogue to thoſe that would riſe out of the Pit at the Red-Bull *in the laſt Scene, and diſturb the Concluſion, by going on the Stage,* June 23. 1660.

PRay keep your places Gentlemen, don't riſe,
Stay and take t'other Glaſs, as *Peters* cryes,
'Tis the Cataſtrophe crowns all the ſport,
I warrant if you had places at Court
You would not part with them ſo ſoon, pray ſtay
Till Grace be ſaid, and we have took away;
You wrong your Ladies in the nick of pleaſure,
They would ſee't out, women love *London* meaſure:
Pray keep your ſeats, let us be your adviſers,
You ſee (of late) what comes of early Riſers;
But if your fancy to this cuſtom tends,
Henceforth we'l ſtudy Playes that have no ends.

† formerly there were no seats at the Red Bull &c. they were probably put up about this time.

A Prologue to the Comedy call'd The Tamer tamed, *June* 24. 1660.

Enter reading of the Bill.

THe *Tamer Tam'd*, what do the Players mean?
Shall we have *Rump* and *Rebel* in the Scene?
Juncto's of *Safety* with the righteous rabble
Of *Apron-Peers*, Knights of Sir *Arthur's* Table?
Shall *Baxter*, *Hewson*, *Scot*, and *Fox* be nam'd?
These were our Tamers, but I hope they'r tam'd;
For those were men, who (in their holy rage)
Did things too horrid for a civil Stage,
Unless our company should all comply
To leave good language and speak Blasphemy.
This Play, *the Tamer tam'd*, is *Fletchers* wit,
A man that pleas'd all pallats, therefore sit
And see the last Scene out; pray do not run
Into confusion, till the Play be done:
Should strangers see you mix among us thus,
They would be apt to think you some of *Us*.
Pray keep your seats, you do not sit in fear
As in the dangerous dayes of *Oliver*;
It is not now (in good time be it spoke)
Enter the Red-Coats, *Exit* Hat and Cloak.
But such a prosp'rous change doth now attend ye,
That those who did affront ye, shall defend ye.

The Epilogue, spoken by the Tamer, a Woman.

VVIth licence of my Husband, I apply
My self to this honour'd society,

I fear I have offended the good Laws
Of houſhold government, and given cauſe
By my example (in this wilde aſſay)
For ſome to put in practice what we play;
And 'cauſe the *Breeches* now come near the make
Of *Petty-Coats*, may willingly miſtake:
Theſe are old quarrels, and no doubt came in
When *Adam* digg'd and Madam *Eve* did ſpin.
They'r ne're the honeſter for that, the crime
Of bold Rebellion is older then Time.
The breach of truſt is old, the breach of Laws,
Murther of Kings, witneſs *the good Old Cauſe*.
But we exhibit to your Approbation,
Not the *Rebellion* but the *Reformation*.

A Prologue to introduce the firſt Woman† that came to Act on the Stage in the Tragedy, call'd The Moor of Venice.

I Come, unknown to any of the reſt
To tell you news; I ſaw the Lady dreſt;
The Woman playes to day; miſtake me not,
No Man in Gown, or Page in Petty-Coat;
A Woman to my knowledge, yet I cann't
(If I ſhould dye) make *Affidavit* on't.
Do you not twitter Gentlemen? I know
You will be cenſuring; do't fairly though;
'Tis poſſible a vertuous woman may
Abhor all ſorts of looſeneſs, and yet play;

† *Said to have been* Mrs. Norris, Play *mother of the celebrated* Richy. Norris. M.

Play on the Stage, where all eyes are upon her; —
Shall we count that a crime *France* calls an honour?
In other Kingdoms Husbands safely trust 'em,
The difference lies onely in the custom;
And let it be our custom I advise;
I'm sure this Custom's better then th' Excise,
And may procure us custom; hearts of flint
Will melt in passion when a woman's in't.
But Gentlemen you that as judges sit
In the Star-Chamber of the house the Pit;
Have modest thoughts of her; pray do not run
To give her visits when the Play is done,
With dam me, your most humble Servant, Lady;
She knows these things as well as you, it may be;
Not a bit there, dear Gallants, she doth know
Her own deserts, and your temptations too.
But to the point, in this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the Stage.
Our women are defective, and so siz'd
You'd think they were some of the Guard disguiz'd;
For (to speak truth) men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, Wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incomplyant,
When you call *Desdemona*, enter Giant;
We shall purge every thing that is unclean,
Lascivious, scurrilous, impious or obscene;
And when we've put all things in this fair way
Barebones himself may come to see a Play.

Epi

Epilogue.

AND how d'ye like her? come, what is't ye drive at?
She's the same thing in publick as in private;
As far from being what you call a Whore,
As *Desdemona* injur'd by the Moor;
Then he that censures her in such a case
Hath a foul blacker then *Othello's* face:
But Ladies what think you? for if you tax
Her freedom with dishonour to your Sex,
She means to act no more, and this shall be
No other Play but her own Tragedy;
She will submit to none but your commands,
And take Commission onely from your hands.

A Prologue to the Poor mans Comfort.

Enter reading the Title, May 28. 1661.

THE *Poor man's comfort*, this Title some will say
Is fitter for a *Pray'r-book* then a *Play*;
And some may censure who are *Democraticks*,
The times will change, Players are turn'd *Phanaticks*;
And the *Red Bull* where sports were wont to be,
Is now a Meeting-house, would 'twere for me
A good full Meeting-house, we should not be
Contrivers of a new *Fifth-Monarchy*,
And charge up for King *Judas*: no, the very
Plain truth is this, we meet but to be merry;

Then do you judge what pitty 'tis that we
Should every day want merry company?
Surely the fault is ours, or yours, or both,
Let us consider where it lyes: in troth
You will appear most guilty I'm afraid,
'Tis a full house that makes a *Play* well play'd:
A numerous presence doth at once inspire
Actor and Auditor with mutual fire:
Therefore pray meet, come as you do to tother,
If not for us, yet to meet one another.
But let me see? what was I going to say?
O! 'tis about the Title of the Play.
The great man's Comfort is above my thought,
The Merchant's Comfort is a Ship full fraught,
The Plow man's Comfort is a Field well till'd,
Our *Poor man's Comfort* is a House well fill'd.

March 16. 1661.

An Advent to the Kings Coronation.

LEt all your hearts be fill'd with joy,
King *Charles* his *Coronation* Day
Is coming on, let every thing
That *fears God and Honours the King*,
Advance their spirits, and expresse
A Royal loyal Thankfulness:
That man that was by dangers tost
From place to place, and almost lost.
He that did 'scape an Armies stroke,
And made a Kingdom of an Oak,

The

The Royal ORPHANT that was fed
With sorrow, and with borrow'd bread:
He whom his Subjects would confound
And crucifie, shall now be Crown'd.
Then let all souls for such salvation.
Cry up *King Charles* his *Coronation.*

On the Day.

THe happy day (long wish'd by some)
By God's appointment, now is come,
In which our joyful eyes shall see
King Charles adorn'd with Majesty,
And He who liv'd a life like *Job*
Shall now with Crown, Scepter, and Globe,
With peaceful seed ascend his Throne,
And every man shall have his own:
The *Juncto*, *Oliver*, and *Rump*
That turn'd up all the *Knaves* for *Trump*,
Are totally dissolv'd, and we
Are *Subjects* to true *Majesty*.
Then let us all with one consent
Pray for the good *Old Government*,
Under whose power we may encrease
In Truth and Treasure, Ease and Peace;
And Children yet unborn shall live to say,
This was the happy *Coronation Day*.

After the Coronation.

THe joyful dayes are come, and we
Obtain our ancient Liberty,
Religion rules, Rebellion rots,
We sleep securely without plots;
Our Lives are safe, our Laws are free,
White-Hall's a Court of Equity.
We are secur'd from Tyrants Swords,
Malignant, and such *Canting* words
Are out of date, *Phanatick* broods
That preach't away your Lands and Goods,
Are put to silence, and we fear
No forgeries at *Westminster.*
Would you know how all this comes round,
Take't in four words, *King Charles* is *Crown'd*;
Since it is so, let every thing
Praise God, and say, *Long live the King.*

A Letany delivered, Jan. 1. 1659. *to a Friend as a New-Years Gift.*

From All, and more then I have written here,
I wish protection to you this New Year.

FRom those who for self-ends would All betray,
From those new *Saints* that pistol when they pray;
From flattering features with infernal souls,
From Reformation, such as pull'd down *Pauls*;

From

From *Church-land purchaſers*, from Town betrayers,
From Weaving Preachers, and *Extemp're Prayers*;
From blood, and ſomething elſe that I could tell ye on,
From Pulpit blaſphemy and bold Rebellion;
From new falſe Teachers which betray the old,
From thoſe that turn the Goſpel into Gold:
From that black Pack where Clubs are alwayes trump,
From bodies Politick, and from the *Rump*;
From thoſe that ruine where they ſhould repair,
From thoſe that cut off heads inſtead of hair;
From twelve moneths Taxes and abortive Votes,
From chargeable Nurſe children in Red Coats;
From ſuch as ſell their ſouls to ſave their Summs,
From City Charters that make heads for Drums;
From City *Saints* whoſe Annagram is *Stains*,
From plots, and being choak'd with our own chains;
From zeal that wants both Piety and Knowledge,
From the hot Diſputants in *Greſham Colledge*;
From Coblers which aſcend to Council Tables,
From dens of thieves, from Churches turn'd to Stables;
From theſe and ten times more like to enſue,
We humbly pray, *Good Lord deliver you.*

On a view of the Rebels Arms.

CRoſſes are crucify'd, the *Organ* which
In bright Cathedrals ſoar'd a lofty pitch,
Are now Demoliſh'd by ſuch men (ſtrange Riddle)
Who in the room ſet up the Croſs and *Fiddle*.

On

On Independency.

AN Independent is a Maggot bred
In fly-blown brains of Presbyterian head

On the Act against Cock-matches, the next succeeding, their putting down of Church-Marriages.

WHen Wedlock was pull'd down by powerful hand,
We might well guess Cock-matches would not not stand.

On the Jesuite and Puritan.

THe Jesuite and Puritan prevail
In spoil, like *Sampson's* Foxes tail to tail.

Another.

THe Jesuite and Puritan are two,
Who under the best names most mischief do:

Repre-

Representations in Parts to be Habited, Sung, and Acted, as they have been often times with great applause performed before the Lord Major and the Sheriffs of *London*.

An Eclogue, or Representation in four Parts, composed for the Lord Major, Sir Tho. Allen, *and Sung by the City Musick,* Decemb. 18th. 1659.

The Presenters,
Love, Plenty, Truth, and Courage.

Love. MY honour'd Lord and Lady,
May that great hand that made ye
Supply this cheer
From year to year,
And may no strength degrade ye.

Truth. I

Truth. I am a bold intruder,
Which makes me seem the ruder;
But the City is
Much us'd to this
Since civil War subdu'd her.

Plenty. We are no Lance-presadoes,
No Basket-hilt Bravadoes;
When you know our Names
You'l love our fames,
We deal not in Granadoes.

Love. We come not to invade ye;
Or subt'ly to perswade ye;
Truth. I am *Truth* (in a word)
Plenty. I am *Plenty*, my Lord,
Love. And I am *Love* my Lady.

Chorus.

1. Let Buff-coat and Feather
2. Go drumming together:
All. We fear not the force of Invasion.
3. The Voice and the Lute
1. Makes a better dispute,
All. Love hath the best art of perswasion.

Plenty. But stay, methinks our Melody is dull,
We want a voice to fill the *Chorus* full. (wonder,
Love. Truth, where is *Peace*, (*Truth*) her absence is no
For *Peace* and *Truth* have been long time asunder:

Where

Where is she gone? we'l hawl her in with Cables.
Love. Peace seldom goes where Churches are made Stables.
Truth. *Peace* never comes amongst those sad disasters,
Into that Land where Servants beat their Masters:
Plenty. *Peace* seldom into such confusion comes
Where City Charters are made heads for Drums.
(dye for,
Love. *Peace* loves good men, that profess what they'l
Not such as make Covenants stand for a Cipher.
(against Brother,
Truth. *Peace* ne're comes where Brother doth fight
Nor where Protestations drive out one another.
(true friends,
Plenty, *Peace* knows that the Sword men will ne're be
For Collonels like Coblers are awl for their ends;
She never appears, (though she very much pitty)
Where a bunch of Bandoleers are the keyes of a City.
Love. When wisdom's wanting,
Truth. And zeal is canting,
Plenty. Then rage is ranting,
All. And *Peace* lyes panting.
Chorus together.
Then blame not the words of our Tongue or our Pen,
We shall ne're hold our peace till we get her agen:
For *Love*, *Truth*, and *Plenty* must quickly decay,
As experience will tell us when *Peace* is away:
Love. But now *Peace* is gone
And hath left us alone,
What other foundation can we build upon
Truth. Let

Truth. Let courage come rule.
Plen. I fear he's too cool. (fool.
Love. If he leave *Love* and *Plenty*, and *Truth*, hee's a
Truth. Can fury out-brave him?
'Tis *Truth* that must save him;
Go call him: (*Plen.*) I can not, the *Prentices* have him.
Love. Go tell him our need,
Our Liberties bleed, (speed.
And say that my Lord doth command him with
Plen At that word he comes. *Enter Courage.*
Courage. Boyes beat up your drums,
Are Sword-men abroad, and we picking of crums?
Have we the bold *Valour*, the *Wealth*, and the *Wit*,
And shall we be shallowly cheated of it?
Truth, *Plenty*, and *Love*, you all are well met,
In honester Causes ye ne're ventur'd yet,
We serve a brave Master, who for publick good
Will hazard his Fortune, his Fame, and his Blood:
Let *Love*, *Truth*, and *Courage*, and *Plenty* endeavour
To wait on his person, and serve him for ever.
Then let every voice like a well skill'd Musician
Discover the progress of Pride and Ambition.

Courage.

The basest condition
Is Pride and Ambition,
It rifles and stifles
True *Love* and *Allegiance*.
'Tis never contented
Till Time hath consented

To

To take off and ſhake off
The bonds of *Obedience*.

Truth.

It was a ſhrew'd weed in
The Garden of *Eden*.
It drew out and threw out
Poor *Eve* and her *Adam*.
'Twas one of the ſtrange ills
That caſt down the Angels
So ſteep and ſo deep
That no meaſure can fadom.

Plenty.

It is but a ſad ſort of ſinning
And ends with a terrible taſte,
It ſhews like a Saint in beginning,
But looks like a Devil at laſt.

Love.

Ambition ſtrikes every thing dumb
That dams up the way of her hope,
It often doth aim at a Kingdom,
And frequently ends in a Rope.

Chorus.

All. Then ſince bold ambition doth work ſuch diſ-(aſters;
Why ſhould we be Monſters in hope to be Maſters;
That City ſhall hold out in ſpight of all weather,
Where *Conſcience* and *Courage* are coupled together.

The Cheaters Cheated.

A Repreſentation in four parts to be Sung, Nim. Filcher, Wat, *and* Moll, *made for the Sheriffs of* London.

Enter Nim. *a Cheat at one door, and* Filcher *his fellow at the other.*

Nim. GOod morrow fellow *Filcher*,
What, do we ſink or ſwim?
Thou look'ſt ſo like a Pilcher?
Filch. Good morrow fellow *Nim*,
The Devil's in our deſtiny,
I cannot get a pluck.
Nim. No, ſurely if the Devil were in't
We ſhould have better luck.

2.

Fil. What Star is my director,
I am in ſuch a ſtate?
Nim. Nay, prethe brother *Hector*
Do not fall out with Fate;
For we are fortunes Minions,
And fight under her banner,
'Tis ſhe is Queen of all the world.
Fil. A miſchief light upon her.

3. No

3.

No money is reveal'd yet,
I wonder where it lingers?
Nim. The Souldier hath conceal'd it,
'Tis fast in iron fingers;
From whence if we could get it
By fury or by fraud:
We had as good attempt to pick
The Pocket of a *Baud*,

4.

Filch. Your roaring *Cavalier*
Who when he had the Chink,
Would bravely domineer
In dicing, drabs and drink:
Go ask him now for money
And he hath none at all,
But cryes 'tis in my Compting-house
In *Haberdashers-Hall.*

5.

Nim. Our sly Trappanning trade
Maintain'd with so much fury,
Is openly bewray'd
Both by the Judge and Jury;
For Lawyers have so many quirks,
And are such curious skanners,
That they grow cunninger then we,
And do trappan Trappanners.

6.

Fil. Our dyceing Trade is down too,
For when we do begin

By drilling wayes to draw
A yonger Brother in
The Souldier falls upon us
And proves the best Projector.
Nim. Faith every Red-coat now can make
A puppy of a Hector.

7.

Enter Wat, *a West Countrey-man.*

Fil. Stay prethe who comes here,
Nim. A gaping Countrey Clown.
Fil. Look how the slave doth stare;
Nim. He's newly come to town.
Filch. He gazeth in the air as if
The sky were full of Rockets;
Let's fleece him. (*Nim.*) But how shall we get
His hands out of his pockets?

8.

Fil. Let me alone for that: I lately bought a glass,
Wherein all several colours may
Be seen that ever was,
If held up thus with both hands.
Nim. A pretty new design,
This trick will fetch his fingers out;
Filch. And hey then in go mine.

9. *Time changeth.*

Wat. Our *Taunton den* is a dungeon,
And yvaith cham glad cham here,
This vamous zitty of *Lungeon*
Is worth all *Zomerzet-zhere*:

In Wagons, in Carts, and in Coaches
Che never did yet zee more horſe,
The Wenches do zhine like Roches,
And as proud as my fathers vore horſe.

10.

Che never zince che was able
To keep my vathers voulds,
Did ever zee ſuch a ſtable
As thick a thing called *Powls*:
A Mezle in a red Jacket
Had like to have knack me down,
Becauſe che'd undertake it
Held all the beaſt in the Town

11.

Ch'am come to zee my Lord Major,
And thick as do hang the Thieves,
Ch've forgot what vine neames they are;
(A meazle on them) the zhreeves,
They zay they wear Chains and Scarlets,
And vollow'd by many Guardiants,
Ch'ave loſt the neams of the Varlets,
A miſchief on them, the Serjeants.

12.

And now chill walk my ſtations
To every place in Town,
Che mean to buy new vaſhons,
Iche have above fifty pound;
Che took't away from vather
When he was gon a vield:

Cham come away the rather
'Cauſe ch'ave got a wench with childe.

13.

Filch. The Rainbow never knew *Tune change.*
Such Colours as are here, Filcher *and*
Nim. Here's Purple, Green and Blew, Nim. *looking*
Wat. Zooks what have they got there. *in the glaſs.*
Good morrow Maſter, what d'ye cal't,
Filch. Good morrow good man clot.
Wat. Nay vaith vine Gallant there y'are out
My Neame is honeſt *Wat.*

14.

Fil. I'le ſhew thee ſuch a ſlight that
Thou ne're ſaw'ſt honeſt *Wat,*
Neither by day nor night yet.
Wat. Yvaith ch'ud laugh at that.
Fil. Here take this glaſs into thy hand
And hold it to thy eyes,
Thou there wilt ſee more colours than
A Dyar can deviſe.

15.

Wat. I cannot zee a colour yet,
Nim. Thou doſt not hold it high,
Wat. Che hav't, che ha't, ch'av got it now,
Nim. Ifaith and ſo have I. (green, *Picks his*
Wat. Here's black, and blew, and gray, and *Pocket.*
And orange-tauny, white;
And now Ich ave loſt all agen. Filch. *picks*
Fil. In troth y'are in the right, *tother Pocket.*

16. Now

16.

Now prethe tell me honeſt *Wat*,
How do'ſt thou like my glaſs
Wat. It is the vitteſt veat yvaith
That e're was brought to paſs
And if that thou wilt ſpare it
Chill give thee money down.
Fil. I will have nothing for it
Chill give thee half a Crown. *feels in's pocket.*

17.

Yvaith cham very willing.
Nim. You ſhall not do it now,
To give thee vour zhilling,
Filch. 'Tis more then you can do. *Aſide.*
Nim. Farewel good *Wat*, thou ſhalt not pay,
Good morrow Gentlemen;
Wat. Chill get me gone vor vear that they
Zhould get my glaſs agen. *Exit* Wat.

18. *Tune change.*

Fil. Quick let us ſhare
For fear of apprehenſion.
Nim. Guſman could ne're
Compare with this invention.
Fil. That ruſtick Clown
Hath brought a happy harveſt.
Nim. Lay your Money down.
Fil. My purſe is at your ſervice
Crown for Crown.

19.

Nim. Open the Purſe,
Our Ship of Fortune ſail's in't. *Open it.*
Fil. Oh heavy curſe
It hath nothing but nails in't.
Nim. Ne're men till now
Were gull'd by ſuch a Coſtard;
Fil. If we meet I vow
Wee'l bang the bacon baſtard
black and blew.

20. *Open the other.*

Unlock that font
Let's enter by degrees in't.
Nim. A pox upon't,
There's nought but bread and cheeſe in't.
Fil. Come let's depart
And drink a Saxon Rumkin.
Nim. I am vext at heart,
But if I ſpare the *Bomkin*,
Hang me for't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mol Medlar Sola, *with a Basket.*

Tune changeth.

Souldiers fight and Hectors rant on
Whilſt poor Wenches go to rack,
Who would be a wicked wanton
Onely for Suppers, Songs, and Sack,
To endure the alteration
Of theſe times that are ſo dead;

Thus

Thus to lead a long vacation
Without Money, Beer, or Bread.

22.

Farewel *Bloomsberry* and *Sodom*,
Lukeners-lane and *Turnbull-street*,
Woe was me when first I trod 'em
With my wilde unwary feet.
I was bred a Gentlewoman,
But our family did fall
When the Gentry's coin grew common,
And the Souldiers shar'd it all.

23.

I was sure unto a Hector
Who hath basely broke his vow,
Would I had a good projector
That would well support me now.
Who comes here? what simple Thumkin, *Ent.* Wat.
Oh! I guess him by his coat,
This is sure some Countrey Bumkin,
Now 'tis time to change my note.

24.

I can dance, and I can sing *Tune changeth, she singeth and danceth.*
I am good at either,
And I can do the tother thing
When we get together.

25.

I have lately lost my dear,
'Twas a holy Brother;
If he do not meet me here
I faith I'le get another.

26.

I can nimbly come above,
I can tumble under,
And If I do but like my *Love*,
Wat. What *Vary's* that is yonder ?

27.

'Tis a dainty dancing Girle,
Zhee would make me gladder,
Her vace doth zyne like mother of Pearl,
chould chuſe no more and chad her.

28.

Mol. A Dutch-man loves his Pipe and Can,
A Jew doth like a Turk well,
But I could hug a *Countrey-Man*,
For he will do his work well.

29.

Citizens are full of ſlight,
They will cog and flatter ;
But a Countrey-man will do me right.
Wat. Che long now to be at her.

30.

Good morrow Miſtris Trip and goe,
Mol. My *Countrey-man* I take it,
I love you Sir, *(Wat)* Chill love thee to,
And vayth chil veze thy Jacket.

31.

Mol. What's thy name, come tell me that
Thou ſhalt be my Jewel ?
Wat. Why zom vorzooth do call me *Wat*,
But my neame is *Water-Gruel*.

32.

Prethe zay, and ben't avrayd,
Art not thou a Pedlar?
Mol. I live cloſe by in Tickle Yard,
My name is *Mary Medlar.*

33.

Wat. Then zweet *Mol* come buſs thy *Wat*,
Let us twain be merry:
Mol. I could nimbly dance, but that
My Basket makes me weary.
Wat. Give it me, chill dance a Spring,
Che have no veaver Lurden? *He takes her Basket.*
Mol. If thou wilt dance, then I will ſing,
And thou ſhalt bear the Burden.

35.

Wat. A match, a match, it's well a vine, *Both dance to their own singing.*
We both zhall make ſome ztuff on't.
Mol. Unleſs thy feet keep pace with mine
Thoul't quickly have ynough on't.

36.

Wat. Well don *Moll*, (*Moll*) 'tis well done *Wat*,
Wat. Chill do it to a tittle,
Mol. But I have too much ſtrain'd my throat,
I prethe ſing a little, *She doth dance off.*

37.

Wat. Fa la la la liera lo
This is pretty prancing,
We will go to Tickle Yard
When we have done dancing.

38. Now

38.

Now che think ch'av vetcht it up
Zing a little *Mary*,
We will gulge a merry zup,
Zhuggar and *Canary*.

39.

Thou doſt dance and make no noiſe
Zhall I turn and kiſs thee?
Prethe let me hear thy voice.
Hoop where the Devil is ſhe?

Turns about and miſſeth her.

40.

Zhe hath left me all alone
Here to mum and mask it,
But yvaith if zhe be gon
Ich chill keep her Basket.

41.

Here's good vortune come to me
In a merry minuit,
Now chill puttne down and zee
What zhee have gotten in it.

42.

Tune changeth, he ſets down the Basket and looks in it.

Oh! wo, wo, what zhall chee do,
Che con no know which way to go
With thick whore here and her vyne zong,
Che have a bore her burden too long;
Che may curſe the occaſion that e're che came here,
Would che were agen in *Zomerzet-zhere*.

43.

Pulls a Childe out of the Basket.

O! Lungeon Ich cham undone
Ch'ave a brungeon a daughter or a zon,

Thick

Thick a jewel hath me beguil'd,
Water Gruel muſt now veed the childe;
Ich chud never be zorry, but vind it a place
If che had now but good ſtore of Larzhant;
It looks Tory rory, and zmells zo of Mace,
That a zure it was got by zome zarzhant. *Huſhes it,*

44. *carries it*

Goodman zhreeve ze, look on the vace *to the men,*
Vor a believe me it may be your own caſe, *then to the*
Honeſt vree men Ich cham baſely begeld, *women.*
Good a woman hold but the cheld,
Chil but ſtep here hard by, 'tis but home to *Taunden*,
And chill bring ye zom gold in a Casket,
Thick all are hard hearted both women and men,
Che muſt march with my youth in a Basket, *Puts it in*

agen to the

45. *Basket*

and Exit.

Enter Filcher *and* Nim. *Tune change.*

Fil. We ſhall ne're have lucky minuit,
None of our deſigns will hit;
Nim. Some ill Planet ſure is in it,
Fortune makes a fool of wit:
All our feats
Are ſimple cheats,
And deſtiny will have it ſo.
Fil. There's nothing hits
But with thoſe wits
That cheat *Cum Privilegio.*

The

Nim. The holy drum
And godly gun
Are now the onely Engines that
Make Pimp and Whore
And Hector poor,
And wise men do they know not what.

46.

Fil. All our joyful dayes do leave us,
Nim. Never were such times as these,
Fil. Every Bumkin can deceive us (cheese.
Nim. With hob-nails (*Fil.*) and with bread and
Nil. Though we mist it
He confest it
That he brought up fifty pound,
Nim. Where he did it
How he hid it
Is the plot that may be found.
Filch. If we meet him
We will fit him.
Nim. Hark I here one coming in
Very pleasant *They retreat to*
'Tis the Peasant *several corners.*
Filch. Now let's to our guards agen.

Tune changeth.

Enter Wat *with a little Trunck on a stick hanging at his back.*

47.

Now farawel Lungeon Iche may zing,
Chill no more here until the next spring,

Chave

Chave put in ſecurity vor the thing,
Which no body can deny.

48.

Che did a veat in *Zomerzet-Zhere*
Which vorſt me at virſt to zee vaſhons here,
Ich cham out of the vrying pan into the vere,
Che either muſt burn or vrye.

49.

In pluſh and in zatten a vynely wrought,
Ich chave laid out forty pound every groat.
Fil. I want a ſilk Waſtcoat,(*Nim.*)I lack a pluſh Coat,
Wat. Ch' have puttne all in the Trunk.

50. {*Fil. comes alone to* Wat.

Here's zilk and gold,and zilver ſtrings,
Here's Gloves, ſilk Hozen, Points, and Rings.
Fil. Stand (*Wat.*) what are you (*Fil.*) Lay down your things.
Why zure the Meazle is drunk.

51.

What would ye do to a poor Countrey man,
Nim. Firſt lay down your Trunk, you ſhall know more anon:
Wat. And a very vine way to have my Trunk gone:
Filch. Do ſo or I'le knock thee down.

52. (it man

Wat. Nay vaith good man Gentle ſince ch' have zeen
Chill lay it down there, and if che can win it
Thou zhalt have my Trunk and all that is in it:
'Twill coſt above vorty pound.

53. *Fil.*

53.

Fil. I'l have as much blood as thy heart can afford. *Filch. draws and fights.*

Wat. Thou cowardly knave, wilt thou vight with a zword;
But ſince 'tis but one, Ich che care not a Twoord,
And what do you think of another. *Nim. draws.*

54.

Nim. This Rapier I thorow thy body will run,

Wat. Ud zooks there's no vighting with two agen one, *Exit Wat.*
Ich che rather will truſt to my legs and be gon.

Fil. Why now gramercy brother.

55.

Nim. The raſcal already is run out of ſight,

Fil. His hands are vile heavy. (*Nim.*) His legs are as light,
The Pluſh for a Jacket, I claim as my right,

Fil. Which really I deny.
For was it not I that prov'd the Projector. (tector,

Nim. But if this good ſword had not been your Pro-
The clown would have made you a pittiful Hector,
And beaten you. (*Fil.*) Sirra ye lye.

57.

My force hath been try'd againſt Caſtles and Towers,
The prize as it lies is equally ours,
Let victory make it out mine or yours,

Nim. I grant it with all my heart. *They fight. Enter* Moll.

58. Wh

58.

Mol. What mad men are these! pray what do you mean,
I never did see such a sorrowful scene;
Nay sweet Mr. *Filcher* (*Fi.*) stand further ye Quean,
I'le make the proud Rascal smart.

59.

Mol. You alwayes were friends, what makes ye fall out?
Pray tell me true, what is the quarrel about;
Nim. This duel will suddenly end all the doubt:
Mol. I'le suffer between your swords. *They make passes.*

60.

Moll *is between.*
E're such a kind couple of Hectors as yee
Shall squabble and quarrel for *Paddington-tree.*
Jack Filcher, Tom Nim, be counsel'd by me,
Deliver your Cause in words,

61.

You know that the Law against Duels is high:
Nim. That *Rodomontado* there gave me the lye,
Mol. Pray do but consider that *Tyburn* is nigh;
Nim. That very word cools my wrath.

62.

For my own part I onely would live by my Trade,
Fil. The Bargain betwixt us must end by the blade;
Mol. Pray let me but know the conditions ye made,
I'le judge it between ye both.

63.

Fil. Ile tell you then how the quarrel did rise,
This fellow and I have took a rich prize,;

Nim. And now he denies me my ſhare in't. (*Fil.*) he lies,
We agreed that the ſword ſhould decide it.

64

This Trunk is well furniſhed as e're it can hold,
With ſilk and with velvet, with ſilver and gold.
Mol. Turn't all into money, and when it is ſold,
You equally may divide it.

65.

But firſt what aſſurance have you when you win it,
'Tis worth all this danger (*Nim.*) We yet have not ſeen
Why then let us open't and ſee what is in it,
That ev'ry thing may be ſhown.

66.

Nim. A match, let her break the Trunk open and ſee.
Mol. It may be by this means you'l ſooner agree.
Fil. Faith open't or ſhut it 'tis all one to me,
I vow I'le have all or none. { Mol *open*
{ *The trunk*

67.

Mol. Then look on your bargain, you both are be-
guil'd, Mol *take*
Pray tell me if this be the velvet three pil'd, *out th*
Is this figur'd fatten? (*Nim.*) I vow 'tis a child. *child*,
You ſwore you'd have all or none.

68.

Fil. I'le ſtand to my bargain, for I will have none.
Nim. What? can you ſo ſuddenly alter your tone.
Mol. Come kiſs it and love it, for faith 'tis your own.
Remember when we were alone.

69.

For this pretty Babe I have ſhed many ſhowers,

And suffer'd a thousand disconsolate hours,
As sure as 'tis mine, I'm certain its yours,
I never knew Man but you.

70.

Fil. These Projects to me are Riddles and Charms,
How came the child hither? (*Mol.*) For fear of worse harms,
I left it even now in a Countreymans's arms,
A fellow that I never knew.

71.

'Twas left to be lost though the plot would not hit,
I never could see you to tell you of it,
A Countrey-man brought it. (*Fil.*) A pox of his wit,
I would I were rid of my life.

72.

Mol. Before I knew *Filcher*, I was a pure Maid,
Pray do but Remember the Contract we made;
You said you would wed me, and live by your trade,
Fil. I'le presently make thee My Wife.

73.

Mol. For all the worlds wealth I will ne're be a whore.
Fil. I'le purchase new Credit upon an old score.
Nim. Ile deal in these damnable courses no more.
All. We every one will mend.

74.

Fil. I never will quarrel, or swagger and roar,
Nim. Then make the poor *Simpletons* pay all the score.
Mol. I never will do as I have done before.
All. We every one will mend.

Exeunt.

Enter Wat Solus.

75. *Tune chang*

Ch' have overcome my voes,
And *Watty* now is vree;
It is no zin to couzen thoſe,
That would have cheated me:

76.

Had che but met with one,
Che had not been o'remaſter'd;
Ich che wonder what they thought upon,
when they did vind the Baſtard.

77.

Did ever vellow vinde
Zuch zimple zots as theſe,
To leave my fifty pounds behinde,
And ſteal my Bread and Cheeſe:

78.

Theiſe zitty theeves are fool'd,
That meant to do me hurt,
The Meazles could not vind my gold,
che knittne in my zhurt;

79.

Ich che cannot chuſe but zmile,
That men who can talk lattin,
Zhould be zuch fools to take a Child
Vor velvet, zilk, and zatten:

80.

But Pride will have a vall,
The Proverb zaith as much;

No

Now how do you my Measters all,
Ich cham com to laugh a touch.

81.

God bless my Lady Zhreeve,
And all that noble pack;
Ch'am almost dead with grief,
Che want a cup a zack.

82.

God zave my measter too,
And zend him to live long;
Vayth now ch'a nothing else to do,
Chill zing a merry zong.

A Song on the twelve Companies.

83.

THe other day among many papers,
Che vown'd a vine zong of the Merchants and Drapers. (ners,
The Grocers, the Goldsmiths, the Taylors and Skin-
And many zuch vinical zinners.

1 *Mercers.* 84.

The *Mercer* virst a vine dapper blade is,
He zells yee zoft zattin, and very well paid is;
He makes his Commodity cover the Ladies,
Zo zoft and zweet his Trade is.

2. *Grocers.* 85.

The *Grocer* layes his zhuggered baits,
He loves to have his zhip zail in the Straits;
He deals for sweet Almonds, Prunello's, and Dates,
With Ladies as light as his weights.

3. *Drapers.* 86.

The *Drapers* next in my fancy doth hover.
It is the best Trade betwixt *Barwick* and *Dover*;
But when his zhort Yard the women discover,
They will have a handful over.

4. *Fishmongers.* 87.

And now have at the *Fishmongers* jacket,
It proves a good trade as the Taverns do make it:
But of all the vish in the zea chil undertake it,
He'd rather have a virgin naked.

5. *Goldsmiths.* 88.

The *Goldsmiths* stall will make me to stop,
For *Goldsmiths-Hall* hath been a great prop;
Of all the rich mysteries this is the top,
The Tower was a *Goldsmith's* zhop.

6. *Merchant-Taylors.* 89.

The *Merchant-Taylors* may not be outed,
His Calling hath been e're zince *Adam* was routed:
A zuit makes a Gallants wealth not to be doubted,
That is but a Beggar without it.

7. *Skinners.* 90.

The *Skinners* hate Ich che must not incurr,
He covers the Corps of your Worshipful Zur,
And cleaves to your Aldermans back like a bur,
Whose lineing is Voxes vur.

8. *Haberdashers.* 91.

Your *Haberdashers* Art che may call,
The onely fine trade that doth cover us all;
But woe to the *Cavalier* that did vall
Into *Haberdashers-Hall.*

9. *Salters.*

9. *Salters.* 92.

The *Zalters* trade we zhall not omit,
The *Scholars* zay Zalt is an Emblem of Wit;
But vaith I believe they love a vreſh bit,
When *Mutton* and *Capers* meet.

10. *Iron-mongers.* 93.

The fame of *Iron-monger's* do ring,
The ſtrength of the Mettle can conquer a King;
The *Helmet*, *Muſket*, and *Gauntlet* can bring
A *Scepter* out of a *Sling*.

11. *Vintners.* 94.

The *Vintner's* Art but vew men do know,
Vor it is a zience too zuttle to zhow;
The Devil and he a Conjuring go,
When both are a brewing below.

12. *Cloth-workers.* 95.

The *Cloth-workers* trade is a very vine thing,
And of all the Trades may be counted the King;
But yet he will merrily tipple and zing,
'Till his wits go a Wool-gathering.

96.

And now Ic che hope no Tradeſman will take
Exzeptions at me vor my merriment ſake; (nieſt,
Their Trades are all good, but the *Vintner's* the bon-
God bleſs them and make them all honeſt.

97.

Ic che now will go home to *Zomerzetzheere*,
And tell all the Country what vine things are here;
Chil jog to my *Jug*, and zee what God hath zent her,
And chil come here agen next Winter.

End of the Repreſentations.

Acrostichs, Annagrams, Epigrams, Elegies, AND Epitaphs.

Acroſtichs.

An Acroſtich on Mrs. Heſter Noy.

How much I am obliged to your worth,
Each faculty I have cannot ſet forth;
Sure I ſhall dye in debt, unleſs you pleaſe
To binde me more by granting a Releaſe:
Excellent Lady, may the Powers above
Reward you with thoſe joyes which Angels love.

Nothing that hath affinity with ill
Oppoſe your underſtanding or your will,
Your Vertues, which ſo copiouſly extend,
Eternity can onely comprehend.

A double Acroſtich on Mrs. Suſanna Blunt.

Sweet Soul of goodneſs, in whoſe Saint-like breſt
Virtue Vows dwelling to make Beauty bleſt;
Sure Sighing *Citherea* ſits, your Eyes
Are Altars whereon ſhe might ſacrifice:
Now None will of the Paphean Order be,
Natur's New work tranſcends a Deity;
Arabia's Aromaticks court your ſcent,
Bright Beauty makes your Gazers eloquent;
Let Little *Cupid* his loſt eyes obtain,
Vail'd, Viewing you, would ſtrike him blind again.
Nay, Never think I flatter, If you be
Thus To none elſe, by Love, you are to Me.

An

An Acroſtick on two pairs of inſeparable Friends, who were Married in one Day.
A four-fold Acroſtick.

(Bride
Iove Joyn theſe Pairs, and May each bleſſed
Obtain A guard of Angels for A Guide. (nion,
Heaven, Nature, Vertue, Reaſon in commu-
Nobilitate Enrich, and Love Your union:
(be
Grace Faith and Knowledge Bind ye, may you
Each Others bliſs, No evil Injure ye.
Let nothing Re-divide; Eternal Reſt,
Love, Dwell and Laſt in each Diviner Breſt.

A croſs Acroſtick on two Croſt Lovers.

Though croſt in our Affections, ſtill the flames
Of **H**onour ſhall ſecure our noble **N**ames;
Nor ſhall **O**ur fate divorce our faith, **O**r cauſe
The leaſt **M**iſlike of love's **D**iviner lawes.
Croſſes ſomtimes **A**re cures, **N**ow let us prove,
That no ſtrength **S**hall **A**bate the power of love:
Honour, Wit, Beauty, **R**iches wiſe men call,
Frail Fortune's Badges, In true love lies all.
Therfore to him we **Y**ield, our **V**owes ſhall be
Paid, —— **R**ead and written in **E**ternity:
That **A**ll may know when men grant no **R**edreſs,
Much love can ſweeten the unhappineſ**S**.

An

An Epithalamium in a double Acroſtick, written on the noble Names and ſacred Nuptials of the worthily honoured EWDWARD MARROW *Eſquire, and the moſt truly vertuous Mrs.* ANNE GRANTHAM.

E minent Pair! what ever *Sidney* ſaw A
in *Argalus* and his *PARTHENIA*
D oth figure out your Excellence; how then N
ſhall I depict ye with ſo poor a Pen
W hat powers ſhall I implore? *Apollo*'s gon, N
for whom my Muſe lies drench'd in *Helico*
A rts are malignant, Poems out of date, E
the Lay-man calls Learning a Reprobat
R eaſon is baniſh'd, and what e're did ſpring G
from thoſe fair banks where peace was flouriſhin
D ivineſt pair, whoſe bright perfections are R
more luminary then the morning Star
M ay all the pleaſures *Phœbus* ever ſaw A
in *Europe*, *Aſia*, or *AMERIC*
A ttend your genial joyes; what Nature can N
contribute to the excellence of ma
R edouble your felicity; may night T
and day contend which ſhall yield moſt deligh
R iches and honour, vertue (the beſt wealth) H
beauty, with all the circumſtance of healt
O bey your wiſh: and he that will not pray A
as I have done, is Love's Anathem
W arre never fright ye, whereſoe're you come M
may bright *Apollo*'s harp drown *Mars* his dru

Intem-

Intemperance.

A Fancy upon Words.

HE that's devoted to the —GLASS,
The Dice or a lascivious —LASS,
At his own price is made an —ASS.

He that is greedy of the —GRAPE,
On *Reason* doth commit a —RAPE,
And changeth habit with an —APE.

The Lover whose Devotion —FLIES
Up to the Sphere where Beauty —LIES,
Makes Burning-glasses of his —EIES.

If long he to that Idol —PRAY,
His sight, by Love's inflaming —RAY,
Is lost for ever and for —AY.

An Epitaph in a double Acrostich, composed and fixed on the Stone of Mrs. Joane Ward.

In this plain piece of humble earth lyes one
Whom no unworthy feet should tread upon,
One whose chaste life did very much improve
A Daughters duty and a Sisters love;
Almighty God was still her Contemplation,
Religion was her daily recreation:
Nothing came in her maiden thoughts that cou'd
Denie the fountain of her Virgin bloud;
Eternal joyes contain her now, let's then
Mourn all until we meet with her agen.

Anna-

ANNAGRAMS.

CHARLES STUART:

Annagram,

AS CLEER AS TRUTH.

Expoſition.

CHARLES STUART makes it out in age and youth,
His Name and Nature are as CLEER AS TRUTH.

CHARLES STUART:

Annagr.

CALS TRU HEARTS.

Expo.

What man who either doth love Arms or Arts,
That goes not when *Charles Stuart, calls true hearts.*

PARLIAMENT:

Annagr.

I TRAP AL MEN.

Expo.

When the Long Parliament was ſitting, then
This Annagram was right, I TRAP AL MEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL:

Annagr.

RULE WELL OR I COM.

Expo.

RULE WELL OR I COM cry'd the red nos'd Jew,
'Tis juſt (ſince you trap all men) I trap you.

ROUND-HEADS:

Annagr.

HEAVENS ROD.

Expo.

When Cavaliers by ſin offended God,
The bloody Round-heads were made HEAVEN'S (ROD.

TEACHERS:

Annagram.

CHEATERS.

SAINTS:

An.

STAINS.

Ex.

When Hereſie creeps into factious Brains,
TEACHERS are CHEATERS, and ſuch SAINTS are STAINS.

MINISTER:

An.

MENTIRIS.

Ex.

When Presbyter inflam'd with a falſe fire is,
A man may tell him, MINISTER, MENTIRIS.

LOSTE:

An.

STOLE.

Ex.

This Annagram myſterious ſenſe may boaſt,
For what is STOLE is found in what was LOSTE.

TOAST:

An.

A SOTT.

Ex.

A TOAST is like A SOTT, or what is moſt,
Comparative, *A Sott* is like a *Toaſt*;
For when their ſubſtances in liquor ſink,
Both properly are ſaid to be in Drink.

End of the Annagrams.

Epigrams.

1. *Epigram.*

A Knight and's Man, both being at an Inn,
The Knight having well eaten, did begin
To say to's Servant, *John* I have supt well,
Have our horse done so too? I cannot tell,
Replied the Man, for ought I know they may,
I'm sure I saw the Oastler *take away.*

2. *Epigr.*

One said *Pauls* Church lookt with the Steeple on it,
Just like a Trunk with a hat-case upon it;
No, quoth another, 'tis not like't at all,
Ile tell you what 'tis like, *'tis like to fall.*

3. *Epigr.*

Sim seeing *Harry* have a broken head,
Askt *against* what he broke it; *Harry* said,
Against a thing that often doth me ill,
To tell you true, I broke't *against my will.*

4. *Epigr.*

Three Scholars having barely din'd, and growing
A little wanton after it, were throwing
Their bones at one another, a fourth Man,
Who had with plenty dined himself, began
To tell them that their sport was very dull,
Which did declare their bellies were not full,
And in a word his meaning thus expresst,
If they were full, your bones would be at rest.

5. *Epigr.*

5. *Epigram.*

A Knave and Whore of modesty bereft,
Being at that Sport which will ne're be left,
Against a *Gate*, in a place very wide,
Was question'd of a friend, by whom they were 'spi'd,
Why he would deal with such a dirty Slut
In a wide field, against a Gate too? but
The other made reply, pray do not prate,
The *Slut* is good enough to *prop-a-gate*.

6. *Epigr.*

A *Serjeant* sitting at the *Compter-gate*,
Fell fast asleep, which made another strait
Grow something witty, and to break a jeast,
This fellow, sayes he, sure hath none to arrest;
And, in meer spightfulness, this envious Elf
(The Serjeant) is *Arresting of himself*.

7. *Epigr.*

On Mr. Garrat, *and Mr.* Chambers.

Garrat and his Friend *Chambers*, having done
Their City business, went to *Padington*,
And coming near that fatal place where men
(I mean Offenders) ne're return agen;
Looking on *Tyburn* in a merriment,
Quoth *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement,
Had it a *Garrat*: *Garrat* hearing that,
Reply'd, Friend *Chambers*, I do wonder at
Your simple censure, you prate like a Parrat,
There must be *Chambers* e're there be a *Garrat*.

8. *Epi-*

8. *Epigram.*

On a Lady whose name was Mrs. Brown.

We praise the *fair*, and our Inventions wrack,
In pleasing Sonnets to applaud the *Black*;
We court this Ladies *Eye*, that Mistress *Hair*,
The fair love black, the *black* affect the *fair*;
Yet neither sort I court, I doat upon
Nor *fair* nor *black*, but a complexion
More rare then either, she that is the Crown
Of my intire affection is *Brown*.
And yet she's *fair*, 'tis strange, how can it be,
That two Complexions can in one agree;
Do I love *Brown*, my *Love* can please my eye,
And sate my narrowest Curiosity:
If I like *fair*, she hath so sweet a grace,
A man might leave an *Angel* for her face.
Let any judge then which Complexion's rarest,
In my opinion she is *Brown* that's *fairest*.

9. *Epigram.*

On a little Gentleman, and Mr. Story *a tall man.*

This little Blade (by th'other mans vain glory
It seems was roughly us'd, (so sayes the *Story*)
But being strongly heated, and high flown,
In rage he flies on *Story*, pulls him down:
But when they ris, I know not how it fated,
One got the worst, the *Story* was translated

From *white* to *red*, but e're the fight was ended,
It seems one, whom the *little man* befriended,
Came in and parted them; the *little Blade*
There's no man could intreat, nor yet perswade,
But he would fight still, till another came,
And with perswasions counsell'd 'gainst the same,
'Twas in this manner, *Friend, you shall not fight*
With one that's so unequal to your height.
Story is *tall*; the other made reply,
I'de pluck him down, were he three Stories high.

10. *Epigram.*
On May-poles.

Hypocrites are like those May-poles they mock,
Rootless and *fruitless*, with a *Weathercock*.

11. *Epigram.*
On a red nosed Parson.

A jolly *Parson* of a comely grace,
Who partly carried his hot zeal in's face,
Being at's *Inn*, and sitting by the fire,
A pipe of good Tobacco doth require;
The boy straight brings it him, and to his hand
Commits it with a kindled fire-brand;
But as he was at lighting on't, some small
Sparks from the coal upon his hand did fall:
The witty boy perceiving these mishaps,
Cryes, *Mr. Parson, hold Sir, your nose drops.*

12. *Epigram.*

There was a time a difference began
Betwixt a Welchman and an Engliſh man,
Each praiſing of his Countrey, did expreſs
How much they did abound in fruitfulneſs;
The *Engliſhman* did tell the *Welchman*, that
There was a piece of ground he had been at,
In *Yorkſhire*, which ſo fruitful was of graſs,
That when a ſtaff was thrown into't, it was
In one nights time ſo overgrown, they could
Not ſee't next day: The Welchman cryes out, hold,
That was not worth the praiſing, *In our Land*,
Quoth *Taffie*, I would have you underſtand,
We have ſuch graſs, that turn your horſe i'th' ground,
And before morning come, he ſha'nt be found.

End of the Epigrams.

Elegies and Epitaphs of two sorts, woful and witty.

An Elegy and Epitaph composed acrostichally on two names occasioned by the Death of Mrs. MARY KETTLE, *Wife to* Mr. HUMPHREY KETTLE *of* Hollow-way *beyond* Islington; *she dyed in Childe-bed.*

H ang all the Rooms with Black, let none appear
U nless he can dissolve into a tear,
M odesty, Loyalty, and Love are all
P ut in this Coffin, 'tis their Funeral
H eaven hath took more good then 'twill (I fear)
R eturn the world again these hundred year:
E very Grace that makes a happy life
Y ou might have found in this dead vertuous Wife.

K nowledge and true Humility were met
E xactly in this curious Cabinet;
T ruth was her guide, for she (wee'l boldly say)
T ravell'd from *Hollow-way* the *Holy way*:
L et all therefore that wish their own souls safe
E ndeavour to deserve her Epitaph.

The

The Epitaph on her Name.

M ourn good Reader, here lies one
A s chaſte in life as this cold ſtone;
R eligion, Grace, and ſo much good
Y et ne're dwelt in fleſh and blood.

K inde as Saints, no ſweeter Bride
E ver bleſt a Husband's ſide,
T hat in Childe-bed ſheet was driven
T o be truly Church't in Heaven,
L ed by Angels, where the King
E ternal Crowns the Goſſipping.

An Elegy and Epitaph on the Death of William Barckley, *Eſquire, one of the Aldermen of the City of* London.

STay and releaſe my wonder you that can
Reſolve what may compleat a perfect man,
So abſolute that future times may well
Admire at, but ſhall never parallel;
Let him be wiſe, and learn'd, his better part
Be richly furniſh'd with tranſcendent Art;
Let nature be his friend, and in his minde
Let Vertues choice endowments be refin'd:
He will come ſhort of him, whoſe body lies
At this time floating in his Mourners eyes;

For in this Monument is one in whom
Faith, Hope, and Charity took up their room:
One who hath gather'd Vertues since his Birth,
Enough to crown a man in Heaven and Earth;
When Acts of Equity were in his trust
He ever was both merciful and just:
The Poor he pittied, but his soul was ne're
To wicked greatness an Idolater;
He had indeed a heart which the worst times
Could never tempt to profitable Crimes,
His thoughts were pure, his actions free, his store
Was made a good Exchequer for the Poor:
Though Envy oft on Envy doth attend,
He forced *Envy's* self to be his friend.
Forbear more words(my fant'sie)thou'rt too weak
Great griefs are silent when small sorrows speak;
Although his body sleep till the day come
That shall unite him to his ancient home;
His soul is mounted on Seraphick Wings,
Unto the Mansion of *the King of Kings.*

The Epitaph.

Weep Reader, weep, for if we see
Thy Fountains dry, no man will be
Perswaded to relent for thee.

In this Monumental clay
Lies pious dust till it obey
The Summons of the latter day.

You that ranſack Earth and Skyes
For all worth which good men prize,
Look no further, *Here it lies.*

But (to ſum up all in brief)
He whoſe eyes are void of grief
Hath a heart without belief.

He whoſe ſoul doth not deſire
To weep before it do retire
Would laugh were all the world on fire.

An Epitaph on a Childe.

Ladies that are young and wiſe
Shall I tell you of a prize,
Here a box of beauty lies.

A Jewel hid from vulgar view,
Whoſe excellency if you knew,
Your eyes would drop like morning dew.

Dame Nature's Diamond which when
She ſaw it was too high for men,
Shew'd it, and ſhut it up agen.

An Epitaph supposed to be written by A Gentleman on himself, who dyed of a Disease, called by the name of a Bad Wife.

Nay tread and spare not Passenger,
My sence is now past feeling,
Who to my grave a wound did bear
Within, past Physicks healing.

But do not (if thou be to wed)
To read my story tarry,
Lest thou creep into my cold bed
rather then live to marry.

For a long strife with a lewd wife
Worst of all ill beside,
Made me grow weary of my life,
So I fell sick and dyed.

An Epitaph on Mr. John Kirk, *Merchant.*

Reader, within this Dormitory lyes
The wet *Memento* of a Widows Eyes,
A *Kirk*, though not of *Scotland*, one in whom
Loyalty liv'd, and *Faction* found no room.
No *Conventicle-Christian*, but he dy'd
A *Kirk of England* by the Mothers side:
In brief, (to let you know what you have lost,
Kirk was a *Temple of the Holy Ghost.*

An end of the Elegies and Epitaphs.

A

A Canting Rogue Parallel'd with a Phanatick.

IS the worlds running Ulcer, an unfix't
Piece of mortality, begot betwixt
A *Tinker* and his *Doxy* in a *Den*
Of Filchers, which they call the *bowzing ken*:
Nurs'd by a maunding Mort, whose Mother tongue
Directs him first the way to *Nipp a Bung*,
And *mill* the *lower* from him whose gazing eyes
Are fix'd upon *London*'s varieties,
That the sad Countrey man is forc'd to score
At's lodging, till he be suppli'd with more,
Whilst the impatient Lawyer makes a pause,
Pernicious enough to spoil his Cause:
Nor can the ablest Councel tell him when,
Or by what trick to gain his purse agen.
Thus is poor *Colter* poison'd with a drench,
Made of Law Latin, and low Pedlers French.
A Language which admits no derivation
But is intire and had its generation,
Without dispute, from *Babel Tower's conclusion*,
For it is us'd in nothing but confusion,
As *Prigging Prancers*, *Tipping Nab's*, and such
Phrases as make the slovenly Low Dutch
A polite Dialect; he is one whose bane
Doth much participate with that of *Cain*,
The Brother-killing President, whose fate
Gives him the title of a Runnagate;

His

His body is his land, and every louſe
Upon't, are Cattle, the next hedge, his houſe;
He pretends Palmeſtry, and as he paſſes,
Through Villages, the gameſome Countrey Laſſes
Do get about him, and do much importune
The Rogue with meat, to tell them a good fortune;
Or elſe they'l give him nothing, and (to eaſe 'em
In their deſires) the *Knave* knows how to pleaſe 'em;
He and the *Annabaptiſts* were in ſeaſon,
One canted *Felony*, and 'tother *Treaſon*:
And if his *Mort* with a *French Coltſtaff* ſtrike,
'Tis ten to one they ſnuffle both alike;
Both preach in *Barns*, and teach in the ſame *tones*,
One ſtorms a *Henrooſt*, *'tother* ſtrikes at *Thrones*,
Both hate Authority, for they 're often croſt,
One with the *Nooſe*, *tother* the *Whipping-poaſt*.
In point of Baptiſme, for ought I know,
The *Rogue's* the better Chriſtian of the two:
The *Annabaptiſt* in his teaching tone
Deſyes *God-fathers*, he'l have *twelve* or none;
In Marriages the *Rogue* and *He* accords,
For man and wife take one anothers words,
And very fruitful in their ſpawn they be,
Both deal in liberty and Leachery:
To conclude all, they are a brace of men
That are ſo like, they are the worſe agen;
Whoſe diſpoſitions could a Limner paint,
You'd not know which is *Rogue*, or which is *Saint*.

On the Ordinance prohibiting Cavaliers to wear Swords, April, 1646.

YOu of the Royalty, attend your Summons,
'Tis *this day Order'd by the Lords and Commons*
Assembled in that sacred place which we
Must look upon as *England's* destiny,
That all such dreadful men whose fame doth ring
For active Loyalty to *God* and *King*,
Laws and their native Liberties, shall be
Disarm'd and made a *Swordless Cavalry*;
For some such cause as formerly was given
When men were levy'd against *Charles* and *Heaven*,
At that time when the *Publick Faith* withstood
The *Creed* and *Plate* was melted into Blood,
When Subjects sought their *Master* to betray
At the old rate of *thirty pence* a day;
When Prentices against all Rules of Reason
Were early Free-men in the Trade of Treason,
When by the Factious *Commons* wise fore-casting,
Trienial was a word for *Everlasting*;
When the Mad Shires did with Petitions run,
Humbly desiring they may be undone;
Not dreaming that our English Inquisitions
Did onely sit to answer such Petitions;
When States-mens Trunks were fill'd up to the brim,
In Anno Primo Regni Johannis Pym:
With more such reasons which are yet unknown,
You are to lay your Bloody Bilbo's down,

And

And march disbladed, since the House of Lords
Have voted *Honest men must wear no Swords.*
And shall this daunt your Royal Spirits that
Have gain'd a Fame time cannot ruinate;
Your Enemies, though with a wrong pretence,
Have done you right, and put your Innocence
In the true garb, when did you ever see
Innocence figur'd with Artillery?
What need you Weapons since there is not one
Of worth enough to draw your Sword upon
That's not your Sovereigns Friend, and is't not pitty,
On the sinister spawn of a Committee,
To vent your valiant wrath, calm your high passion,
They dare as well do that deserves damnation
In such an Act that's pardon proof as see
You wear your Swords, it is their jealousie,
Of you, their *King*, nay even of their *God*,
When have you known Children delight the Rod?
So Cowards when their paler fears increase,
Take blows, and subtly bind men to the Peace:
What need you mutter that your Swords are gone,
Since you may see *Justice* her self hath none;
Your Valour is not question'd, 'tis for that
You are disarm'd, nor do they wonder at
Your swordless side, for all that justly owe
Allegiance to Valour, truly know,
A bladeless Cavalier can more afford,
Then he whose thigh is branded with a Sword;
Be not dismaid (and you in time shall see)
The *Kings* Cause hath an occult Quality;

Your

Your Swords are needleſs, ſing, be merry, and
Pray for the *King*, 'tis fit you underſtand,
Man's ineffectual aid is vain and light,
When He that made the hand intends to fight;
For you will finde when Rebels Race is run
They ſhall be conquer'd without Sword or Gun.

On a view of London *and* Weſtminſter *on tother ſide the Water.* 1658.

THis pair of ſinful Cities, we, with ſorrow,
May parallel with *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*,
Though one Crime greater then they durſt do there,
(Never to be forgot) was acted here;
Cities ſo pamper'd up with proſp'rous ſins,
That (if they could) they'd raviſh Cherubins,
Cramp their Creator, and with popular ſtings
Deſtroy him 'cauſe he is the *King of Kings*.
A Perjur'd Pair, who to ſecure their own
Will *Pimp* whilſt *Fornication* tups the Throne,
Proſtitute ſacred Places, keep the *Door*
Where each Lay-Lecher makes the Church a *Whore*;
They ſwallow Oaths and wicked Proteſtations,
And, with their Axe, cut off (God grant me patience)
The *Head of* — *Peace*, therefore they are, be't known,
A *Decolated Corporation*.
In brief he ne're ſhall be who, ſides with them,
A Citizen of *New Hieruſalem*.

The

The Players Petition to the Long Parliament, after being long Silenc'd, that they might Play again, 1642.

HEroick Sirs, you glorious nine or ten,
That can diſpoſe the King or the Kings men,
Who by ſublimer Rhetorick agree
That Priſons are the Subjects Liberty;
And though we brought in Silver at low rates,
Ye plunder to ſecure us our Eſtates,
Your ſerious ſubtlety is born ſo grave,
We dare not tell you how much Power ye have;
Or elſe you dare not hear us, how ye frown
If we but ſay *King Pym* wears *Charles* his Crown:
Such a word's Treaſon, and you muſt not hear it,
Treaſon to ſpeak it, and yet none to wear it.
Oh! wiſe myſterious what ſhall we
Do for ſuch men as you e're *forty three*
Be quite expir'd, and an unlucky ſeaſon
Shall put a period to *Triennial* Treaſon?
When Maſter *Pym* your wiſe judicious Schollar
Aſcends his Throne, and takes his Crown in Collar:
When the Field's pitch't, and ſome (for all their skill)
Shall fight a fearful Battle on *Tower-hill*,
When *Canterbury* coming forth, ſhall wonder
You have ſo long ſecur'd him from the thunder
Of your King-hunting Prentices, and the Major
Shall juſtle zealous *Iſaac* from his Chair;
Then *Cheap-ſide* Croſs ſhall be new guilt, new painted,
Gregory be made a Sheriff, and *Tyburn* ſainted:
Fore-knowing *Brooks*, thou drew'ſt a happy lot,
'Twas a wiſe bolt although it was ſoon ſhot.

Put

But whilſt you reign, our low Petition craves
That we, the King's true Subjects, and your Slaves
May in our Comick Mirth and Tragick Rage
Set ope the Theatre and ſhew the Stage;
The Shop of Truth and Fancy, where we vow
Not to act any thing you'l diſallow;
We will not dare at your ſtrange Votes to jeer,
Or perſonate King *Pym* with his State fleire:
Aſpiring *Cataline* ſhall be forgot,
Bloody *Sejanus*, or who ere could plot
Confuſion 'gainſt a State, the War betwixt
The Parliament and juſt *Harry the Sixt*,
Shall have no thought or mention, 'cauſe their power
Not onely plac'd, but loſt him in the Tower;
Nor will we parallel with leaſt ſuſpicion,
Your Synod with the Spaniſh Inquiſition,
Or like the grave advice of learned *Pym*,
Make a *Malignant*, and then *Plunder Him*.
All theſe and ſuch like actions that may mar
Your ſoaring plots, or ſhew you what you are,
We ſhall omit, leſt our inventions ſhake 'em,
Why ſhould the men be wiſer then you'l make 'em:
Methinks there ſhould not ſuch a difference be
Twixt your Profeſſions and our Quality.
You Meet, Plot, Act, talk high with minds immenſe,
The like with us, but onely we ſpeak ſenſe
Inferiour unto yours, we can tell how
To depoſe Kings, there we know more then you;
Although not more then what ye would, ſo we
Do in our vaſter Priv'ledges agree;

But

But that yours are the larger, and controuls,
Not onely *Lives* and *Fortunes*, but mens souls;
Declaring by an Enigmatick sence,
A priviledge on each man's Conscience;
As if the Trinity could not consent
To save a Soul, but by the Parliament:
We make the people laugh at some vain show,
And, as they laugh at us, they do at you,
Onely i'th' contrary we disagree,
For you can make them cry faster then wee:
Your Tragedies more real are expresst,
You murther men in earnest, we in jeast;
There we come short, but if you follow't thus,
Some wise men fear you will come short of us.
As humbly as we did begin, we pray,
Dear School-masters, you'l give us leave to Play,
Quickly before the King comes, for we wou'd
Be glad to say, y've done a little good
Since ye have sat, your play is almost done,
As well as ours, would 't had ne're been begun;
But we shall finde, e're the last Act be spent,
Enter the King, Exit the Parliament,
And hey then up go we, who by the frown
Of guilty Members have been voted down.
Yet you may still remain, and sit, and vote,
And through your own beam see your brothers mote,
Until a legal tryal shew how
Y'ave us'd the *King, and hey then up go you.*
So pray your humble slaves (with all their powers)
That when they have their due you may have yours.

Single

SONGS.

The Royal Vision.

The Tune of Greece *and* Troy.

1.

LAte being tir'd out in a tedious march,
I ſtretcht my wearied limbs
Under a Willow Arch;
In ſuch a ſhade by paſſion hurl'd,
Men croſt in love elect,
That fain would leave the world
At ſuch a ſeaſon, when the ſweet quire of fowls
Had left the neighb'ring thickets
To the rule of Bats and Owls:
Cloſe by the flowry fringed verge of a ſtream,
Sleeping ceizing all my ſenſes
Straight I thus began to dream.

2.

To my afflicted faith appear'd
A Princely perſon that
Was all in blood beſmear'd;

The ruin'd raiments that she wore,
Were Kingly mourning Purple,
All besprinkled with gore;
From her exuberous eyes troops of tears trickled down
Her head did wear a Church,
Invested with a batter'd Crown;
Many a woful wound her body did bear,
Like one fled from the furious hands
Of some salt Ravisher.

3.

On her Imperial Front she wears
E N G L A N D
In golden Characters;
But so demolisht now they show,
As monumental letters made
A thousand years ago:
Then as a torrent whose swift course was restrain'd,
Her flood-gates all flew open,
And with woe she thus complain'd:
Oh whither bear you all my bees thus in swarms!
What fury so affrights ye,
That ye beat these loud alarms?

4.

Oh you whom Peace and Plenty sway'd,
Why in these wicked warlike Arms
Are you array'd?
Where is the foe? or having none,
What wonder works this wildness,
That you needs will prove your own?

You

You that when as you were united might
Have vanquisht Turk and Pagan,
Or put Antichrist to flight;
But from what unredeemed spirit did spring
The plot of all your plagues,
To quarrel with a peaceful King.

5.

What Itch of Innovation wrought
Your factious humours, when the Clergy
To the Block ye brought?
Or why my Pastors do you keep
In Prisons, whilst the Wolf abroad
Doth onely guard the Sheep?
But why (in brief) do you such strange crimes commit,
That want a proper name,
Or ever man was damn'd for yet?
Oh! woful Island, flow in tears to the Main,
Thy sheep are lost ith' pasture,
For their plenty proves their pain.

6.

Why with pretence of righteous Cause,
Do you destroy the antient
Liberties and Laws?
Or clad in Arms a furious fry,
To fight against the guide
Of God like Monarchy?
How can a wilde
Divided power do as much,
As *One that is Annointed,*
Whom it's terrible to touch?

E're such a strange misguided Crew
Granted be
Resolve to know the sad event
Of this short Prophesie.

7.

This great and glorious
Liberal Land
Seedless shall lye,
Alas! the Plow will want a hand;
And when the Field
No fruit affords,
Sickles shall be converted
Into life depriving swords;
Strangers from far
This fertile soil shall devour
Your Wives and modest Matrons,
Lust and Rapine shall deflower;
Famine and Plague
Shall both at once walk the Round,
Then Swords shall be Physicians,
And by killing cure the wound.

8.

Churches and Towns,
With parallelles spires,
Shall vanish in the furious flames
Of unconfined fires,
Such shrieks from earth
To heaven shall flye,
That death will be less torment,
Then to hear each other dye.

Who ever famine 'scapes,
the sword shall destroy,
A story sad and truer
Then the dreadful tale of *Troy*.
Frighted I wak'd
And on my knee did implore,
Some mercy for my former crimes,
And vow'd to fight no more.

The Farewell.

1.

FAir *Fidelia* leave me now,
I may no more
Thy Deity adore,
Nor offer to thy shrine,
I serve one more divine,
And greater far then you;
Hark, the trumpets call away,
I must go,
Lest the foe
Lose the King and win the day.
Let's march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van,
Our Cause Gods is,
Though the ods is
Ten times ten to one.

2.

Tempt no more, I may not yield,
Although thy eyes
A Kingdom might surprize;

Leave off thy wanton tales,
The high-born Prince of *Wales*
Is mounted in the Field,
Where the loyal Gentry flock,
Though forlorn,
Nobly born,
Of a near decaying ſtock,
Corniſh boyes be bold,
Never loſe your hold,
He that loiters,
Is by Traytors
Baſely bought and ſold.

3.

One kiſs more, and then farewell,
Nay now give o're,
I prethee fool no more;
Why cloud'ſt thou ſo thy beams?
I ſee by theſe extreams
A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his own,
That the Queen
May be ſeen
With her Babes on *Englands* Throne;
Rally up your men,
One ſhall vanquiſh ten:
Victory we
Come to try thy
Favour once agen.

The Resolution. 1642.

1.

ASk me no more why there appears
Daily such troops of Dragoneers,
Since it is requisite you know
They rob *cum Privilegio.*

2.

Ask me not why the Gaole confines
Our Hierarchy of best Divines,
Since 'twas allow'd by full consent,
The Priviledge of Parliament.

3.

Ask me no more why from *Blackwall*
Such tumults come unto *White-hall*,
Since some in Parliament agree,
'Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

4.

Ask me not why to *London* comes
So many Muskets, Pikes, and Drums,
So that we fear they'l never cease,
'Tis to procure the Kingdoms Peace.

5.

Ask me no more why little *Finch*
From Parliament began to flinch,
Since such as dare to Hawk and Kings,
May easily clip a Finches wings.

6.

Ask me no more why *Strafford*'s dead,
Or why they aim'd so at his head;

Faith all the reaſon I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wiſe to live.

7.

Ask me no more where's all the Plate
Brought in at ſuch an eaſie rate,
It to the owners back they'l bring,
In caſe it fall not to the King.

8.

Ask me not why the Houſe delights
Not in our two wiſe Kentiſh Knights,
Their Counſels never were thought good,
Becauſe they were not underſtood.

9.

Ask me no more why *Liveſey* goes
To ceaze all rich men as his foes,
Whilſt Countrey Farmers ſigh and ſob,
Yeomen may beg when Knights do rob.

10.

Ask me no more by what ſtrange ſlight
London's Lord Major was made a Knight,
Since there's a ſtrength ſprung out of war,
That can at once both make and mar.

11.

Ask me no more why in this age
I ſing ſo free without a cage,
My anſwer is, I need not fear,
All *England* doth the burthen bear.

12.

Ask me no more (for I grow dull)
Why *Hotham* keeps the Town of *Hull*,

I'le

I'le anſwer ye one word for all,
All things are thus when Kings do falt.

The Kingly Complaint.

The King Impriſon'd at Holmby.

The Tune, 1. *In faith I cannot keep my ſheep.*

I Am a poor and patient King,
Though ſome are pleas'd to call me Pope,
But yet I have a holy hope,
God will relieve my ſuffering,
By letting Peace and Plenty ſpring,
That every man may have his own,
Then I ſhall ſit agen upon my Throne.

2.

The Royal Conſort of my age,
That hath ſo oft my Cradles crown'd,
With falſe aſperſions, they do wound
According to their holy rage
My ſimple Subjects they engage,
And arm them with a proud pretence,
To bring me home in beating me from thence.

3.

A *Reformation* next is ſought,
Epiſcopacy muſt go down,
A Tinker's art muſt mend the Crown,
By Weavers we may well be taught,
But now at laſt they have us brought
O're many rigid Rocks and Shelves,
They are contending what to be themſelves.

My

4.

My Countreymen I moſt commend,
For they have made the moſt of me,
Alas! it was their poverty;
They did it to no other end,
But they have too much valued Me,
And over-priz'd my Innocence,
They could demand no more then *thirty pence.*

5.

A rout of Rebels ring me round,
Such is the King of *Englands* Court,
Who but to pleaſe their Pride, in ſport
Have brought my Peers unto the ground,
They chaſe me like an Infidel.
Or one that Chriſtian Blood betray'th,
Although I write, *Defender of the Faith.*

Rebels Market. 1646.

1.

NOw that the holy Wars are done
Between the Father and the Son,
And that we have by righteous fate
Diſtreſt a Monarch and his Mate,
Forcing their Heir flye into *France*,
To weep out his Inheritance.

2.

Let's ſet open all our Packs,
Which contain ten thouſand wracks,
Caſt away on the Red Sea,
At *Naſeby* and at *Newberry*;

If then you'l come provided with gold:
We dwell
Close by Hell,
Where we sell
What you will,
That is ill;
For Charity there is cold.

3.

If by thee a Murther came,
We can give't another Name;
But alwayes provided thus,
That thou hast been one of us,
Gold is the God shall pardon the guilt;
We have
What shall save
Thee from Grave,
For the Law
We can awe,
Though a Princes blood be spilt.

4.

If a Church thou hav'st bereft
Of its Plate, 'tis holy theft;
Or for zeal-sake if thou beest
Prompted on to spoil a Priest,
Gold's a prevailing advocate:
Then come,
Bring a summe,
Law is dumb,
And submits
To our wits,
For Policy guides a State.

The Leaguer.

1.

JOyn thy ennamel'd cheek to mine,
I'le bring thee where is rasie Wine,
And where a loving Leaguer's kept,
Where many tankard tears are wept
For the Cash
That is gone, that is here,
Joy and grief in a tear
We will wash:
There we study Revenges,
Make Plots without hinges,
More Black then the fifth of *Novembers*;
In our Pipe and our Cup
Our Estates are rak'd up,
Till our eyes twinkle like to the embers.

2.

There with a sack-incensed face,
In speckled state and flaming grace,
With dabbled doublet doth appear
The curral front of Cavalier,
With a bowle
Full of sack, such as can
In the most dying man
Raise a soul;
And forbids any venter,
The Leaguer to enter,
Or near it commit such a trespass,

If

If his cheeks do not ſhine
With the blood of the Vine,
And his Noſtrils appear like a Reſpaſs.

3.

In *Fletcher's Wit*, and *Johnſon's* ſtyle
There will we ſit and fret a while,
Curſing the puddle of their brains,
That pull'd down grapes, and put up grains;
They are foes,
Who Bagpipes for Shalmes
Deal in ſmall Bear and Pſalmes
Through the Noſe:
May want of drink grieve 'em,
And no man relieve 'm,
Till ſcorching inform them what hell is,
May *Houndſditch* and *Towerditch*,
With *Moorditch* and *Shoreditch*,
Be emptied to fill up their bellies.

4.

May all the ills that can be thought
Either too heavy or too hot
Light on his belly and his back,
That envies us the joyes of Sack;
Let him dye,
Or let him live with ſo much ſtrife,
That he may beg to loſe his life,
'Till he cry,
Good-fellows forgive me,
If you dare believe me,
By the ſoul and the ſword of a Lay-man;

I'le draw out my Whinyard,
And set up the Vineyard,
In spight of the Devil and Dray-man.

The Discovery.

A Pastoral Song in two parts, being a Dialogue betwixt Alexis *and* Eliza, *a Shepheard and Shepherdess.*

1.

Eliza. SHepherd I will tell thee news,
That I fear will scarce delight thee;
Alexis. Let me hear the worst ensues,
Spoke by thee it cannot fright me,
Angels voices ne're abuse.

2.

Eliza. Walking late on yonder Plain,
A Shepheard at our meeting grumbled;
Alexis. Tush, 'twas but a Rural Swain,
For his pains he shall be humbled,
If we ever meet again.

3.

Eliza. 'Tis reported thou and I
Are intwin'd in Love's embraces:
Alexis. 'Tis because that we do flye,
From those Lads and sun-burnt Lasses,
Which were once our Company.

4.

Alexis. But what ever they surmize,
Let not your own tongue betray you;

Their

Their ſuſpicions have no eyes,
Do not let your fears bewray you
To the traps which they deviſe.

5.

Eliza. But if they to me ſhould go,
And their true ſuſpicions mutter,
Alexis. Be you ſo wiſe to anſwer no,
When they imaginations utter,
Do you imagine 'tis not ſo.

6.

Both. Let us keep our Loves entire,
Like two Turtles of a feather;
In the heat of our deſire
Let us live and dye together,
Flaming ſtill in amorous fire.

A Chirping Cup.

1.

DIng dong ding
Let the Bells ring,
Leave off your caring;
He is fool'd,
That thinks his gold
Is ſafe by ſparing;
Who doth know,
As times go,
Who ſhall have the ſharing:
Then to prevent all
Let's merrily quaff our Wine
To the King and his Conſort divine;

I prethee fill it as much as 'twill hold,
We'l ſwagger home,
Stagger home,
When we are fill'd,
And reel away misfortune.

2.

More joyes bring,
Let the Boyes ſing,
And Fidlers rant it,
We'l drink Wine,
Though the fine
Presbyters vaunt it;
They that thus
Drink like us,
Never can be daunted:
Then with Canary
Let every mans Coblet be crown'd,
In Sack let our ſorrows be drown'd,
It is the right way our foes to confound;
We'l bang the Rogues,
Hang the Rogues,
For *Charles* his glory,
And that will end the ſtory.

The Occaſion.

How the Warre began.

1.

I'Le tell you how the War began,
The holy ones aſſembled,

For

For so they call'd their Party than,
Whose Consciences so trembled;
They pull'd the Bishops from their seats,
And set up ev'ry Widgeon;
The Scotch were sent for to do feats
With Oat-cakes and Religion.

2.

They pluckt Communion-tables down,
And broke our painted glasses;
They threw our Altars to the ground,
And tumbled down the Crosses;
They set up *Cromwell* and his Heir,
The Lord and Lady *Claypole*,
Because they hated Common-Prayer,
The Organ and the Maypole.

The Roundheads Revolt.

Tune, *Souldiers Life.*

1.

THen farewell say to a Souldiers life,
And welcome the Trowel and Spade;
For he that doth lye with another mans wife,
Shall a Cuckold himself be made:

2.

So he that purloyns the Commonweal,
And takes from other men
By Plunder, which is in plain English to steal,
Let him look to be plunder'd agen.

3.

Farewell to the trade of Musket and Blade,
Which nothing but mischiefs procures;
For by the endeavours of Coblers and Weavers,
The Land hath been govern'd by Brewers.

4.

And now my Comrades, fall close to your trades,
Leave Scepters to men that are high-born,
Though Treachery wins, when first it begins,
It commonly endeth at *Tyburn*.

5.

Let every thing conform to the King,
To *Englands* Church I'le be a true Son;
The way to be bang'd, and at last to be hang'd,
Is to mingle with *Baxter* and *Hewson*.

6.

The stars in their courses have routed our horses,
And made our King-murtherers Martyrs;
They are forc'd to yield the fort and the field,
Whilst Ravens do beat up their quarters.

7.

Those zealots that did Baptisme forbid,
And likewise Godfathers deny'd,
Who raised a War, in conclusion they are
Themselves by twelve God-fathers try'd.

8.

Then let the Bells ring, and pray for the King,
Let every one practise Obedience;
And let them all starve, who will not observe,
And take the good Oath of Allegiance.

A Catch Royal, 1641.

LEt the Drawer run down,
We'l ſit and drink the Sun down,
Here's a jolly Health to the King;
Let him be confounded,
And hang'd up for a Roundhead,
That will not pledge me a ſpring;
Next to the Lady *Mary*
This beer-bowl of Canary,
I'le pledg't a Carouſe were it ten:
When *Charles* his thoughts are eaſed,
And his great heart appeaſed,
We'l drink the Sun up agen.

The Change:

After the Death of Oliver, November 3. 1659.

The Air compos'd by Mr. Lock.

1.

TO what Idol now
Muſt our hallowed ham-ſtrings bow?
The devil and we
Can never agree,
We know not to *who* or *how*;
Religion and Laws
Are crucified by his paws,
Our liberty
Is routed truly,
And ſo is the good old Cauſe:

The Rule of Right
Hath bid us good night,
'Tis Power is the onely Prevailer;
We dare not be known
To ask for our own,
For fear of Gibbet and Goaler:
For King we went
And Parliament,
By gunning to get them together;
But now well a day!
They are gunn'd quite away,
And we must be govern'd by neither.

2.

Old *Noll*'s Noddle now
Were he living would tell us how
The Camp and Crown,
The Gun and the Gown
Might quickly make one of two;
King *Dick* the third,
Or *Harry* with his broad sword,
(Though men amiss)
Had taught us e're this
To quarrel about a word:
Their Launce and Laws
Had cudgell'd our Cause,
And made us submit to their Empire;
But *Richard* the fourth,
And *Harry* the ninth
Are men of genteeler temper:

The Church and State
Are governed by Fate,
'Tis Power hath the Peoples applauſes;
Our Courts are too tall,
Our Lawyers muſt fall,
The Sword's the beſt ſplitter of Cauſes.

3.

'Tis not Majeſty
Did make us to diſagree,
'Twas an humble fire
Blown up by deſire,
To be but as high as he;
The Prelate and King,
Who cauſed our quarrelling,
Were much to blame,
We hated the Name,
But fain we would have the thing:
Our Drum, our Gun,
Our Copper and Tun,
Which newly of ſo much renown is,
Can fitly declare
What ſpirits we are,
And what a bright Idol a Crown is:
But now let's caſt
What's left us at laſt
By Presbyter and Independent;
The People's foreſworn,
The Land is forlorn,
And this is the bleſſed end on't.

The Souldiers last Farewell.

Tune, *Hallow my Fancy.*

1.

FArewell Fife, Drum and Trumpet,
Fortune is grown
A very lazy Strumpet;
She hath left us,
And bereft us
Of a Kingdom and a Throne;
We that were once
As fat as any mullet,
By picking of the bones
Of Plunder'd Pig and Pullet,
May throw away our Guns,
Our Powder, Match and Bullet;
Alas poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

2.

I that did lead up the Van-guard,
And with my Sword
Did many a valiant man guard,
Now am routed,
And am flouted,
Never a man will take my word;
Lame Souldiers may
Seek Hospitals and Spittles,
And (well a day!)
We must throw off our whittles,

In-

Instead of taking Pay,
We shall go beg our Victuals.
Alas, &c.

3.

We fought for our Religion
Many a bloudy day,
And killed many a widgeon;
Law we sought for,
And we fought for,
Till we fought it quite away:
We cut down men
As Conies crop up Mallows;
Our Masters then
Did call us valiant fellows,
'Twas time to leave them when
They brought us to the Gallows.
Alas, &c.

4.

In Red-coat rags attyred
I wander up and down,
Since Fortune so conspired
To array me,
And betray me
To the Censure of the town:
My Buff doth make me boots,
My Velvet Coat and Scarlet
Must turn to Canvas Suits;
For Fortune is a Harlot,
These are the rotten fruits
That attend a fighting Varlet.
Alas, &c.

5.

I have been in *France* and in *Holland*,
Guided by my ſtars,
I have been in *Spain* and *Poland*,
Ireland, *Scotland*,
And what not Land,
Brittain you know
Hath felt my deſp'rate ſlaughter,
I kill'd ten at a blow,
Even in a fit of laughter;
Gone home and made no ſhow,
But kiſt my Landlords Daughter.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

6.

My Valour ſo highly prevailed,
Meeting with my foes,
Who ſtrongly me aſſailed;
Though an hundred
Them I plundred,
And receiv'd not many blows;
This Faulcheon by my ſide
Hath kill'd more men I'le ſwear it,
Then *Guy* of *Warwick* did,
For he could ne're come near it;
And now I ſhall be chid
In time, if I do wear it.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

7.

For the King and the Kingdom
I was the man

That

That did ſtrike ev'ry thing dumb;
I made Meetings,
Zealous greetings,
When the War at firſt began:
Jack Lilburn firſt,
Then holy *Nye* prevailed,
And I was nurſt
By ſuch as often railed,
And pious Preachers curſt,
Who were to Priſon haled.
Alas poor Souldier, &c.

8.

I did about this Nation
Hold forth my gifts, and teach
The wayes of tolleration,
In that ſeaſon
I ſpake treaſon,
And any thing within my reach;
Then every trade
Was counterfeitly zealous,
Preachers were made
Of ſuch as kept an Alehouſe,
The Pulpit fitted them
Who were fitter for the Gallows.
Alas poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

9.

Surplice was Superſtition
Voted right or wrong,
By our Inquiſition

Down went Croſſes,
Tombs and Glaſſes,
The Liturgy we made a Song;
The Mytre and the Crown
Gave way to private Meeters,
The Riches and Renown
Unto the zealous Greeters,
Pauls Church was tumbled down,
To ſupply the wants of *Peters*.
But now poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

10.

I will go to the Village
Where I was bred and born,
And deal no more in pillage;
I'le go borrow
Plough and Harrow,
And ſow the fruitful fields with Corn:
I'le leave off all
My Quarterings and Billets;
I'le never fall
Into the traps of Zealots;
But with my Sword I ſhall
Defend both Prince and Prelates:
Into my Countrey I reſolve to go.

The diſcontented Cavalier, Jan. 4. 1661.
In two Airs, an Alman and Scribran:
Compoſed by Mr. Taylor.

1.

AWay now with the Drum
For the time is come

A Cavalier
May appear,
And ſhall be
Well rewarded for Loyalty
Royally,
Becauſe he hath been true to
Sinking Sovereignty
Drink Wine freely my hearts,
For your high deſerts,
So lately drown'd,
Shall be crown'd,
Cloth of gold
Will your wounded bodies infold;
Bags untold
You every day ſhall in your
Treaſuries behold;
All Places of Profit and Renown
In the Town,
Sword or Gown,
Your ſuff'rings ſhall crown.
Therefore let us laugh,
And quaff,
And drink all off,
A merry go down,
The Kingdom's all our own:
But hark what ill news abroad is told,
Places ſold
Are for Gold,
And I by my troat
Have not up to *London* brought

Above a groat,
For which my throat
Muſt ſing another note.

Tune alter'd to the Scribrand.

2.

I am a Cavalier,
It ſadly doth appear,
My ſhirt's a clout,
My elbow's out,
And never a Cloak to wear;
But I am grown ſo poor,
'Cauſe Fortune is a Whore,
She deals her Boons
To Pantaloons,
That pimp and keep the door.
In Feather and Muff
Is merit enough
For Geſemine-butter'd Squires;
The lofty affairs
Of Plackets and Players
Do keep us ſtill in the bryers;
Yet others I ſee
Of better degree,
Or Truth is turn'd a Liar,
Whoſe heads though they be
Advanc'd very high,
Deſerve to be ſet up higher.

3.

The Devil's in them ſtill,
Let times be what they will,
When Fortune's in
The minde to ſpin,
The Devil guides the wheel;
Meer Politiques are but
Knaves in a ſeveral cut,
'Tis good or naught,
As they will ha't,
For Conſcience door is ſhut:
Religion and Laws
Gild every Cauſe,
And make it ſhew reſplendent;
They carry the Name
Ith' beginning oth' Game,
But nothing to do with the end on't:
We never did doubt
When firſt we went out,
And had no cauſe to fear,
When merit began
To march in the Van,
That Ingratitude was in the Rear.

4.

Tis Fortune's purblinde power
That doth us all devour,
She ſets up ſlaves,
She pardons Knaves
And Rebels every hour;
Whilſt Loyal hearts are fed

With begg'd and borrow'd bread,
They in Perfumes
And plunder'd Plumes
Are daily worſhipped;
But theſe are the men,
I ſpeak it agen,
Which lately I did tell you on,
Whoſe fancies are fit
With weapons and wit
To raiſe up a new Rebellion;
Yet true Loyalty
In my heart ſhall be
An everlaſting lodger;
In my Rags I will ſing,
God ſave our good King,
And ſend him no need of a Souldier.

The Secret.

The Air compoſed by Mr. Taylor.

I.

WOuld I reveal my minde
I could declare,
And tell you why
That I
Come not nigh
You where you are.
But muſt conceal my minde
'Twixt love and fear;

Dumb

Dumb Melancholly,
Nothing more ſtrong,
You and my folly
Have done me wrong,
To give me love and grief and ne're a tongue.

2.

How my heart lov'd thee
My ſoul ſhall conceal,
And by what ſign
That thine
Then was mine,
Faith I'le never tell;
Though thou haſt mov'd me
Enough to reveal:
Where ſhall we finde her
That faithful is,
All women kinde are
Like thee in this.
And do as thou haſt done, *kill where they kiſs.*

3.

Now I enjoyned am
To live apart,
Leſt by deſire
My fire
Do conſpire
To conſume my heart;
I am confined to
Smile when I ſmart,
Unleſs I take her,
Within my bounds,

I must forsake her,
Since Fortune frowns,
As Kings are forced to lay down their Crowns.

The Repulse writ by a Lady.
The Air composed by Mr. William Lawes, *Servant to his late Majesty.*

1.

YOur Love if vertuous will shew forth
Some fruits of Devotion,
There's no Religion can warrant
A dishoneſt motion;
Would you entice me to give you respect,
You would not seek then my honour to infect
With poisoned potions:
If I ever did affect you,
'Twas in honour, but in ill ends
I must needs neglect you.

2.

That fort is feeble that words can subdue
With their battery,
'Tis better stop our ears, then set them
Open to flattery;
Shall I count that true which cannot be just,
Your sighs and sad silence I may not trust
With eyes so watry:
Take a Lover from a passion,
Like an image out of date
He stands quite out of fashion.

The

The Reply, by the Authour.

1.

MY Love's as vertuous as yours is
Where you frame affection,
For ſo inflamed Religion
You keep in ſubjection,
I cannot tempt ye to give me reſpect,
'Tis not the crime but the man you reject
With words ſo zealous:
This ſame trifle call'd Honour
Is a pretty witty cover
To conceal a Lover.

2.

What need a batt'ry be,
When as the fort is reſigning,
You will ne're ſtop your ear
At your own ſervants repining;
Where we affect we do never miſtruſt,
If you would ſpell Love, and chance to write Luſt
No interlining:
Take a Lady in the humour,
When the Love-fit is upon her,
She'l ne're think of Honour,

The Courtier.

BE not afraid
Thou rareſt

The faireſt
That ever was Maid,
Deny me not a kiſs,
No man ſhall ſee
The meaſure
Of pleaſure
That I have from thee,
What hurt is there in this?
Then let's embrace, let all pleaſures be free,
The world ſhall ne're have knowledge
How delightful we be.

2.

I know that ſpyes
Both creeping and peeping
In each corner lyes
To hinder all our joy;
Cupid ſhall ſee,
And finde 'em to blinde 'em
That hinderance be
To the getting of a boy.
Then let's embrace, &c.

3.

Venus invites,
Fair Creature, Dame Nature
Made you for delights,
But yet to none but I;
Then I'le embrace,
And riſle a trifle,
Leave a jewel i'th' place,
You'l keep until you dye.
Then let's embrace, &c.

The Ladies Answer.

1.

NAy pish, nay fie
You venter to enter
A trespass so high,
You'l wish it were undone;
Should any spy,
They'd wonder, look yonder,
I see you'l not flye
The chase you have begun:
Since then y'ave won me,
And all things are free;
Faith you will undo me,
If a tell-tale you be.

2.

Now y'have enjoy'd
That measure of pleasure,
Indeed I'm destroy'd,
If I hear of it agen;
Women do prove
Neglected, rejected,
When freedom of Love
Is told to other men:
ce then, &c.

3.

take my heart,
I'le ever endeavour
at we never part

'Till death assign the time;
Wer't not to you,
Believe me 'twould grieve me
To do what I do:
O that Love should prove a crime,
Yet 'tis a fault
Of so sweet a degree,
I surely am perswaded,
Court nor Countrey goes free.

The Forfeiture: A Romance.

Tune, *Dear let me now this evening dye.*

1.

YOu that do look with Christian hue
attend unto my Sonnet,
I'le tell you of as vilde a Jew
as ever wore a Bonnet;
No Jew of *Scotland* I intend,
My story not so mean is,
This Jew in wealth did much transcend
Under the States of *Venice.*

2.

Where he by usury and trade
did much exceed in Riches;
His beard was red, his face was made
Not much unlike a Witches;
His habit was a Jewish Gown,
That would defend all weather;

His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together.

3.

Yet this deformed Father had
A daughter and a wife one,
So sweet a Virgin never Lad
Did ever set his eyes on;
He that could call this Lady foul
Must be a purblinde Noddy,
But yet she had a Christian soul
Lodg'd in a Jewish body.

4.

Within the City there did live,
If you the truth will search on't,
One whose ill fate will make you grieve,
A gallant Christian Merchant,
Who did abound in wealth and wit,
In youth and comely feature;
Whose love unto a friend was knit,
As strong as bonds of Nature.

5.

A Gentleman of good renown,
But of a sinking fortune,
Who having no estate of's own
Doth thus his friend importune;
Friend lend me but one thousand pound,
It shall again be paid ye;
For I have very lately found
A fair and wealthy Lady.

6.

The Merchant then makes this reply,
Friend, I am out of treaſure;
But I will make my credit flye,
To do my friend a pleaſure:
There is a Jew in town (quoth he)
Who though he deadly hate me,
Yet 'cauſe my wealth is ſtrong at ſea,
This favour will not bate me.

7.

When they were come unto the Jew,
He did demand their pleaſure;
The Merchant anſwers, I of you
Would borrow ſo much treaſure:
The Jew replies, you ſhall not ha't,
If ſuch a ſumme would ſave ye,
Unleſs in three moneths you will pay't,
Or forfeit what I'de have you.

8.

If at the three moneths end you do,
As you ſhall ſeal and ſign to't,
Not pay the money which is due,
Where e're I have a minde to't
I'le cut a pound out of your fleſh;
The Merchant is contented,
Becauſe he knew in half that time,
his ſhipping would prevent it.

9.

Ill news by every ſhip comes in,
His ſhips are drown'd and fired;

The Jew his forfeiture doth win,
For three moneths are expired,
He is arrested for the debt,
The Court must now decide it;
The flesh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

10.

The Merchants Friend that had the gold
Now being richly married,
Offer'd the summe down three times told
To have his friends life spared,
'Twould not be took, but strait steps in
One in Doctors apparel;
Who though but young doth now begin
Thus to decide the quarrel.

11.

Jew, we do grant, that by the Law
A pound of flesh your due is,
But if one drop of blood you draw,
We'l shew you what a Jew is;
Take but a pound, as 'twas agreed,
Be sure you cut no further,
And cut no less, lest for the deed
You be arraign'd for murther.

12.

The Jew inrag'd doth tear the Bond,
And dares not do the slaughter,
He quits the Court, and then 'twas found
The Doctor proves his Daughter;

Who for the love she long time bore,
From a true heart derived
To be his wife, and save his life,
This subtle slight contrived.

13.

The Court consent, and they are wed,
For hatching of this slaughter
The Jews estate is forfeited,
And given to his Daughter;
She is baptiz'd in Christendome,
The Jew cryes out he's undone:
I wish such Jews may never come
To *England* nor to *London*.

Love in Languishment.

Tune, *Have I not lov'd thee much and long.*

1.

YOu to whom melting hearts belong,
That Lovers woes bewail,
And would not have true love take wrong,
Attend unto my tale.
The like to this is seldom known,
'Twill make your very souls to groan,
As if the case were all your own,

2.

A great man late a Daughtet had,
Which now may not be nam'd,
She had two Suitors, good and bad,
Both by her eyes inflam'd; But

But young *Philaſter* was his Name,
A Gentleman of noble fame,
That her affections overcame.

3.

The tother was her fathers choice,
Antonio he was call'd,
Who with her feature, youth and voice
Was very much inthrall'd;
And though her Father bid her ſhe
Should to *Antonio*'s ſuit agree:
She cryes, *Philaſter* is for me.

4.

One day *Philaſter* having walkt
Cloſe by a River ſide,
He found a pretty boy that talkt
Unto himſelf, and cry'd;
Could I but now a maſter view,
To give my tender youth its due,
I would appear a Servant true.

8.

Philaſter entertain'd him ſtraight,
And ſent him to his Love,
That he with her might live and wait,
And 'twixt each other move;
His pretty face did ſo engage,
She lookt upon his tender age.
More like a Brother then a Page.

6.

Betwixt them he ſo often went
With letters to and fro,

That

That it gave cauſe of diſcontent
To young *Antonio*;
Who cauſe he could not have his ſwinge,
But all his love was off the hinge,
He ſecretly doth vow revenge.

7.

Phylaſter and the Lady now
By *Cupid's* great command,
Are by the Prieſt with holy vow
united hand in hand;
But when the bonds of love were ſeal'd,
And that their fears were quite expell'd,
Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her Father apprehends him ſtrait
For ſtealing of his Heir,
He's hurried to the priſon-gate,
And ſhe left in deſpair;
Antonio makes falſe witneſs ſwear,
That fornication did appear
One day betwixt the boy and her.

9.

For which they both by courſe of law
Are to the priſon ſent,
Her father which did thither draw
Her love doth now lament;
Phylaſter hearing this, quoth he,
Muſt I thus loſe my life for ſhe
That's taken in Adultery?

10.

The Ladies tears not guilty prove,
Each eye ſo overflows,
To think her Honour and her Love
She in one hour ſhould loſe;
Juſtice againſt them doth proceed,
Two muſt be puniſht, tother bleed,
Love lies a bleeding now indeed.

11.

The Boy cryes out you do amiſs,
For you do all miſtake,
I am a Virgin, and did this
For young *Antonio*'s ſake;
This Suit which now you ſee me wear,
And all the courſe which I did ſteer,
Was 'cauſe he ſhould not marry her.

12.

Antonio knows her, and doth vow
He'l marry none but ſhe;
Phylaſter takes his Love, and now
The Father doth agree:
Their lives were near the puſh of pike,
But now embrace, and ſoft hands ſtrike,
May all true Lovers do the like.

The Revolution: A Love-ſtory.
Tune, *No man loves fiery paſſions.*

1.

YOu that are croſt in love, and fain would ſee
Some croſſes like your own, give ear to me;

I have a ſtory which doth plainly tell,
That Lovers hearts are toſt 'twixt heaven and hell:
Therefore let him or her this place forbear,
That cannot vent a ſigh, or ſhed a tear.

2.

A vertuous Lady, innocent and fair,
Who to a noble Knight was onely Heir,
Was to a Gentleman with quick diſpatch
Contracted, but his brother ſcorn'd the match;
And therefore privately did plot to be
An enemy unto their amity.

3.

The coſtly garments, and the wedding chear
Provided is, for now the day draws near;
The Bride-men and the Bride-maids are made fit
To wait upon their vertue and their wit:
And till the day, long lookt for, doth appear,
Each hour's a day, and every day a year.

4.

The brother that was hatefully inclin'd,
Did yet appear to bear a better minde,
And ſeem'd as much to like the Match as they
That every hour did wiſh the wedding day;
But mark what follows, and you'l quickly be
Aſſur'd 'twas nothing but hypocriſie.

5.

He hires a knave, whoſe love was cloſely ty'd
Unto the Chambermaid that ſerv'd the Bride,
And bids him in the evening go unto her,
And in her Miſtreſs chamber ſeem to wooe her;

Deſire

Desire her for your humour to put on
One of her Mistress Gowns that well was known.

6.

The fellow goes to her whom he did know
Could not to any thing he crav'd cry no,
The Brother to the Bridegroom quickly hies,
To fill his brothers soul with jealousies;
Quoth he, if you this strumpet Lady marry,
You and our Family will all miscarry.

7.

If you with two or three with me will go,
At night I'le shew you what you ne're did know;
That Lady which hath lockt your love in charms,
I'le shew you tumbling in anothers arms:
For though till now I ne're did tell you on them,
These three nights I have cast my eyes upon them.

8.

The Bridegroom though he lov'd her well before,
Hating to be the Husband of a Whore,
Doth with his brother go, (who was his guide)
To see (as he suppos'd) his wanton bride;
Where in her Mistress night-gown she was toying,
And with her plotting Sweet-heart closely playing.

9.

The marriage day is come, and now they go,
As some surmise, to make but one of two;
But when the Bridegroom took her by the hand,
He gave the people all to understand,
That she was known a most notorious whore,
And vow'd from that time ne're to see her more.

The

10.

The Bride fell in a ſwound, the father cry'd,
Alack for me! I would my childe had dy'd
Before this time had come, for much I fear
My ſorrow will become my murtherer;
He caus'd her in this fit to be convey'd
Home to his houſe, and in her chamber laid.

11.

The Chamber-maid much fearing ſome miſtake,
Deſir'd her Sweet-heart that for her dear ſake
He would diſcloſe, or him ſhe'd never own,
Why he would have her wear her Miſtreſs Gown?
And after many ſubtle tricks of youth,
He did confeſs, and tell the naked truth.

12.

She tells her maſter how they had been us'd,
And by the Bridegrooms Brother thus abus'd;
Which when the Bride & Bridegroom knew, they then
With joynt conſent go to the Church agen:
Where they did knit a knot until they dye,
Which Men and Angels never ſhall untye.

The jealous Duke, and the injur'd Dutcheſs: A ſtory.

Tune, *The Dream.*

1.

OF all the wedlock plagues that be,
None are ſo fierce
As Jealouſie,

As

As you shall see drawn to the life
Between a Duke.
And's vertuous Wife;
He was a Duke of *Parma* in *Italy*,
His Lady great with childe
Was wronged by his jealousie:
He sends her unto prison guiltless of crime;
And in that sickly season,
When as she was near her time.

2.

Where afterward it came to pass,
She of a Childe
Delivered was,
A lovely Daughter, which they took
And brought it to
The Jealous Duke;
Who in a fury did protest as before,
The Infant was a Bastard,
And its Mother was a Whore:
The noble Lady that did bring it did cry,
The vertuous Dutchess suffer'd
Onely for his Jealousie.

3.

The Lady being much revil'd,
She goes away
And leaves the Childe;
He straight by oath enjoyns a Lord
Who made a conscience
Of his word:

Then

Then quoth the Duke, you must perform my command
Take shipping strait,
And bear this Brat into a forreign Land;
Leave it in any wilderness you can finde,
And let it there be nourished
Onely by the rain and winde.

4.

The Nobleman is griev'd to do't,
But that his Oath
Enjoyns him to't;
The Dutchess hearing that her Childe
Was sent away
To Countreys wilde,
Falls in a swound, (her spirits all being fled)
The word was brought unto the Duke,
His wife was newly dead;
And that her last words were, (her eyes waxing dim)
Commend me to the Duke,
I ne're knew any man but him.

5.

Her dying words the Duke believes,
And now alack
Too late he grieves;
For now the Lord (by his command)
Is in the Duke
Of *Padua*'s Land;
Where he the pretty Infant layes down (as he
Had sworn to the Duke)
And now returns agen to sea:
But (by good fate) a shepherd that lost a sheep

Was

Was searching up and down that way,
And heard the Infant weep.

6.

The Mantle which the Childe did hold
Was rich embroidered
Cloth of Gold;
But when it was undrest, he found
The value of
Two thousand pound,
Besides a paper where was writ down the Name:
This treasure made the Shepherd straight
To grow in wealth and fame;
He bred the Childe as decently as he cou'd,
But in its disposition one
Might finde the parents bloud.

7.

At sixteen years of age she was
The prettiest Nimph
That trod on grass;
Once on a day when she did keep
(As she suppos'd) Her fathers sheep,
A Gentleman which her fair face lookt upon,
Was strucken straight in love,
And 'twas the Duke of *Padua*'s Son;
Who from that hour would every day come to see
His Mistress whom he lov'd like life,
Though of a low degree.

8.

Much love there was betwixt them both,
Till they contracted were by oath;

Which when his father came to know,
Then did begin
The Lovers woe;
For with extream outragious words he begun
To bid him leave her,
Or he'd never own him as a son;
The Prince did vow his love he ne're would withdraw
Althongh he loſt his father,
And the Crown of *Padua*.

9.

But having got much treaſure, he
Doth with this Virgin
Put to ſea;
After a while there was report,
They're in the Duke
Of *Parma*'s Court;
The Duke of *Padua* then for fear they ſhould wed,
Will follow, if he finde it true,
His ſon ſhall loſe his head:
But the old Shepherd fearing wrong ſhould befall,
His pretty witty Daughter
Doth reſolve to finde them all.

10.

The Bride and Bridegroom now in ſtate
Are going to
The Temple-gate,
The Duke of *Padua* with his trains
Doth ſtop them,
And forbids the Banes;
And to the Duke of *Parma* plainly ſayes, that

His

His son did flye from him
To marry with a Shepherds brat;
The Bride and Bridegroom by both Dukes in a breath
Commanded are to separate,
Or they shall meet in death.

11.

Both are content, and are led on
Unto their
Execution.
They were to suffer both alike,
The Headsmans Axe
Was up to strike: (town;
Hold quoth the Shepherd, I bring strange news to
The Dukes were both amazed,
And the Axe was straight laid down,
This Lady sixteen years ago did I finde.
This paper and these Jewels,
For the Child is none of mine.

12.

The Lord that bore the Childe away
Seeing the Name,
Did boldly say,
Great Duke of *Parma*, this is she
Which you did send away by me;
Tis your own Daughter: then the Duke full of tears
Embrace them both, and now
Another Marriage day appears;
Bonefires and Bells, the Conduits all run with wine:
By this we see there's nothing can
Prevent the Powers divine.

The Double Marriage: A ſad Story.

Tune, *Amidſt the Mirtles as I walkt.*

1.

AMongſt all woes that ever we
Have felt, or elſe in ſtory read,
There is no greater miſery,
Then an inforced Marriage-bed.

2.

As I will ſadly make appear,
When I my ſtory ſhall unfold,
You will confeſs that you do hear
The ſaddeſt tale that e're was told.

3.

A Gentleman of good renown
Did dye, and left his Heir in ward
Unto the mercy or the frown
Of a moſt proud imperious Lord.

4.

This Gallant was a youth of worth,
His feature might affection move,
Who travelling into the North,
It was his fate to fall in Love,

5.

With a fair Lady of good fame,
And being on both ſides agreed,
They in one Contract mix their flame,
And ſeal it as their act and deed.

No

6.

No sooner did their souls accord
In tears and kisses, oaths and vows,
But he is sent for by his Lord
To *London*; now comes all the woes.

7.

The Lord his Guardian doth prefer
Him to a Lady of his kin,
The Gallant cryes, should I take her,
I might commit a grievous sin.

8.

I am contracted, Sir, quoth he,
To one I love no less then life;
And you know, Sir, that Contracts be
The greatest bonds 'twixt man and wife.

9.

The Guardian by his power compells
The woful Ward to break his oath.
And (which all misery excells)
Unto another plight his troth.

10.

He sends into the North with speed,
To her whom he by right should wed;
Onely one line which she doth read,
Forgive me, I am married.

11.

This broke her heart, but she indites
An answer which much sorrow bred;
For in one fatal line she writes,
My Dear, Forgive me I am dead.

12.

Then with her knife she made it good,
And by a desperate stroke did prove,
Sealing it with her flowing blood,
That Life is nothing without Love.

13.

The Gentleman forsakes his Wife,
Such misery this Marriage bred;
Quoth he, I'le never lead a life
With thee in an adult'rous Bed.

14.

I'th' wicked wayes he now begins
To riot all his vaste estate,
His wife was brought to bed of twins,
The Mothers grief, the Fathers hate.

15.

His wife and children full of woe
And want unto their father come,
Who now in *England* doth not know
A place that he can call his home.

16.

His breach of Contract in his thought
Doth now (at last) so fiercely fall,
That by the devil he is wrought
To kill his wife and children small:

17.

He draws his sword, but by good fate
A messenger comes running in,
And bids him read a letter straight;
Which done, my Gallant doth begin

18.

To be more temperate in his minde,
For thus it seems the letter said,
Your Guardian that was so unkinde,
Much griev'd for you, is lately dead;

19.

He hath bequeath'd his whole Estate
To be onely at your disposse,
And doth confess, though now too late,
He was the cause of all your woes.

20.

He bids you likewise, since you are
The Husband of another Wife,
That you will take her to your care,
And lead a loving peaceful life.

21.

This counsel he resolves to take,
And loving to his wife appears;
Though often for his Contracts sake
He venteth penitential tears.

22.

Thus have you seen *the misery*
Which inforc'd Marriage doth procure;
Therefore let all forewarned be
Never to break that are made sure.

The Broken Contract.

Tune, Cloris *farewell, I needs must go.*

1.

YOu that are safe and sound in soul,
Whose mindes are well, and hearts are whole,

Attend my tale, for I impart
The sorrows of a broken heart;
So sad it is, that much I fear,
'Twill break your very hearts to hear.

2.

A Lady (as my story saith)
Was bound within the bonds of faith
As fast as Contract could unite
Unto a youthful noble Knight;
But by her powerful Brother she
Was forc'd to break this unity.

3.

She now is married to a rich
And very jealous Old man, which
Doth in her love take much delight,
But she must ne're stir out of sight;
By all that look upon her he
Doth fear he shall cornuted be.

4.

The old man breaks his heart with fears,
The Knight doth waste his soul in cares;
The Lady spends her time in tears,
Her Brother courts a friend of hers:
And being now a Lover strong,
Repents he did his Sister wrong.

5.

Her Brother and his Love are now
United by a lasting vow,
The gallant Bridegroom and his Bride
Do for the Nuptial day provide;

The Knights revenge was grown ſo great,
He could not make it to retreat.

6.

But ſhe that ſhould have been his wife
Doth grow ſo weary of her life,
That ſhe reſolves to eat no food
Or ſuſtenance to do her good,
Till famine ceiſe on all her parts;
Thus broken vows make broken hearts.

7.

The Knight a challenge ſends to him,
Who now in ſeas of joyes do ſwim,
And bids him meet without delay
The morning of his wedding day;
Or elſe he vow'd for all his harms
To kill him in his Ladies arms.

8.

The Bridegroom meets him, and they fight,
But the undaunted daring Knight
Fill'd with revenge doth charge him ſo,
That he in his own blood doth flow;
Thus in a moment here you have
A Bride-bed turn'd into a Grave.

9.

When this report abroad was blaz'd,
The woful Bride being much amaz'd,
Tears off the wedding garment, which
Her body lately did enrich;
Her heart o'recharg'd with grief, ſhe cry'd,
We'l meet above, and ſo ſhe dy'd.

10.

The Bridegrooms ſiſter which before
Had made a vow to feed no more,
Being in ſeas of ſorrows drown'd,
She throws her ſelf upon the ground;
Saying it cannot be withſtood,
But broken vows muſt end in blood.

11.

Theſe words ſhe had no ſooner ſpoke,
But inſtantly her heart was broke;
The Knight with hands in blood imbrued
Is now by Officers purſued,
And in his Chamber they at laſt
Do finde him with his door lockt faſt.

12.

They break it open, and there finde,
The ſaddeſt ſight is left behinde;
For when they in the Chamber come,
They finde him naked in the room,
Where every vein from head to foot
He with his knife had newly cut.

13.

Much like a fountain there he ſtood,
For all his limbs were ſpouts of blood;
But when his veins did ceaſe to ſwell,
He dyed, and down the fountain fell;
Thus doth one broken vow devour
The lives and precious blood of four.

14.

May this a warning prove to all,
Whoſe Vows are Matrimoniall;

Look e're you leap, for having vow'd,
The breach can never be allow'd;
For you may well discern by this,
A Contract broke, like Murther is.

A merry Marriage: A Stratagem.

Tune, *Do but view this glass of Claret.*

1.

THis new Song that I would sell you
Some suppose is very true,
Where 'twas done I may not tell you,
Time will bring it to your view;
What I mean now to reveal you,
Is both witty, queint, and new.

2.

In a place as yet unplunder'd
An old Usurer did dwell,
Who took fifty in the hunderd,
Some can by experience tell;
But his son in Taverns thunder'd,
And did strow't abroad as well:

3.

Young and handsome, bred a Scholar,
Never free from Tavern scores,
But his Father full of dolor
Turns my Gallant out of doors;
Swearing in a cruel choller,
That he spent his means with whores.

He

4.

He besides him had a Daughter,
Young and lovely, fair and bright,
She was worth the looking after,
For her Portion was not light;
But the trick that's worth your laughter,
Will appear anon at night.

5.

Not far off a Widow dwelt that
Was both pretty, young and wise,
This old fellow quickly smelt that
She would prove a golden prize;
In his clean Ruff, and his Felt Hat
He to her a wooing hyes.

6.

Such good entertainment she made,
That he thought she was his own;
But the wanton son that he had
Came as soon as he was gone,
Told her plainly he should be mad,
If she would not hear his moan.

7.

When she saw his youth and feature
To be confident and kinde,
She did covet much the creature,
But his wildeness chang'd her minde;
And contrary to her nature
Said he should no favour finde.

8.

This did quite confound the Lover,
But her kinsman was his friend: Who

Who unto him did discover
What a plot he did intend;
I know what (quoth he) shall move her,
And shall gain her in the end.

9.

Soon at night do you come hither,
If you will the Widdow wed,
You shall all night lye beneath her,
Close conveigh'd under her bed;
When you are so near together,
Ten to one you will be sped:

10.

But before you come I'le swear you,
Though you lye upon the lurch,
That you honestly will bear you,
Till you both have been at Church,
Else revenge I vow shall tear you
Ten times more then brine and birch.

11.

To this plot they both consented,
But another plot's in hand,
A poor Knight is discontented
For the morgage of his Land;
For it seems the devil sent it
Unto this old Miser's hand.

12.

This Knight with money doth desire it,
But because the day is past,
This Curmudgeon doth require it
As a forfeiture at last;

But his Daughter doth admire
The patience of the Knight so croſt.

13.

She's in love and dares not ſhew it,
By her Brother ſhe was betray'd;
For by him the Knight doth know it,
Who with love ſalutes the Maid;
She doth well conſent unto it,
The Match at midnight muſt be made.

14.

Therefore he doth thus adviſe her,
To the widows you ſhall go,
For your Brother will ſurprize her,
E're the morning comes I know;
Bring my Morgage, leſt your wiſer
Father plot our overthrow.

15.

All is done, and now the morning
Through the widdows window peeps,
He provided 'gainſt all ſcorning,
Out into her Chamber creeps;
She cryes out, whilſt he is turning
To her to ſecure her lips:

16.

There he vows if ſhe will marry,
He'l become a civil man,
But if not, ſhe ſhall miſcarry
In her reputation;
For he ſwears he there will tarry,
Till her credit's quite undone.

He

17.

He calls up his Friend and Sister
To be witness to the Match,
Who but for this trick had mist her,
For he caught her on the Catch;
There before them all he kist her,
To the Church they all dispatch.

18.

When the Usurer did hear that
He was cheated of his wife,
And his Daughter, he did swear that
He would strait reform his life;
Then he bids them joy, and prayes that
Their midnight Match may know no strife.

The happy Adventure, or the witty Lady: A story.

Tune, *Wert thou much fairer then thou art.*

1.

ALL you that Wit and Beauty know,
Give ear to me, and I will shew
A *Witty Fair-one* that can fit
Your mindes with Beauty and with Wit;
She was a Virgin not inthrall'd,
And commonly *Maria* call'd.

2.

Fair *Isabel* was one that she
Had lov'd even from her infancy,

Who

Which was betroathed to a quick
And nimble youth, call'd *Frederick*;
Who for a chance which often doth
Befall, refus'd to keep his oath.

3.

Her Brother was a Merchant, and
Had all her portion in his hand,
A man of judgement, wealth and wit,
And went himself to sea with it;
But certain news came in a day,
He and his ship was east away.

4.

Her portion by mischance thus gone,
She must no more be lookt upon,
For *Frederick* will make't appear,
He lov'd her money more then her;
Thus in one day she must forego
A Brother and a Husband too.

5.

He doth begin to love each grace
That dwells in fair *Maria*'s face,
Her wit and beauty (both combin'd)
So strangely captivate his minde;
That he sollicites night and day
The Lady in a lustful way.

6.

His last request she answers thus,
Sir, what will people speak of us,
If't should be known, as 'twill (quoth she)
If I at last with childe should be?

He

He answers straight (to quit all fear)
E're that be known he'l marry her.

7.

She bids him come at night, and she
Will entertain him secretly;
Quoth she, if just at ten you'l wait,
You shall come through the garden gate:
One pair of stairs you cannot miss,
Next to the Bower my Chamber is.

8.

There we in darkness both must lye,
You'l finde no other light but I;
And in the morning when the day
Appears you must make haste away,
Least Visitants do come to me,
And make a sad discovery.

9.

He takes his leave of her, but then
Each hour is twenty until ten;
No other thoughts come in his head,
But fair *Maria* and the bed,
And she as busie is in thought,
How this to pass may well be brought.

10.

Her purest linnen she does spread,
Perfum'd and pleasant for the bed;
The night grows dark, that none can see,
The hour is come, and so is he:
Now what they do I dare not tell,
I fear you all can guess too well.

11.

In silence all the night was past,
And both do fall asleep at last;
The morning's come, the sun doth rise,
And now he views his Mistress eyes;
But when he had survey'd her well,
'Twas his contracted *Isabel*:

12.

This was the witty fair ones plot,
He swore and curst, and up he got;
Maria doth the Musick guide,
To bid good morrow to the Bride;
And every part o'th' Town doth tell,
That he hath married *Izabel*.

13.

He findes himself thus catcht, and he
In silence suffers it to be;
Maria with good news doth come,
Her Brother is come richly home;
And that the rumour of the wrack
(As it appears) was a mistake.

14.

This proves great joy to *Izabel*,
Maria likes the news as well;
For 'twas well known that he and she
Were Lovers e're he went to sea:
His coming home hath rais'd them all,
Who did in desperation fall.

15.

They meet, kiss, and salute their loves,
One's soul in t'others body moves;

The

The joyes they have no tongue can tell,
But onely they that love as well;
The Marriage-day appointed is,
The first step to a Lovers bliss.

16.

You witty fair ones that are here,
Is not this project chaste and clear?
And was it not a noble end,
To pleasure a contracted friend?
Of all that Poets e're expresst,
The *witty fair one* is the best.

The Royal Rant:
A Medley in Oliver's *time.*

Barre-boy cease to roar,
We shall quaff no more,
When we think upon the dayes
Of *Love* and *Musick*, *Loyalty* and *Playes*;
When Law and Reason
Were not high Treason,
'Twas a good season than;
E're Parliaments
Brought these events,
'Twas fame enough to be an Englishman:
But Legislators,
And Regis-haters
Have brought such slaughters since;
The Gentry
In prisons lye,
And finde it crime enough to be a Prince.

2.

In a dungeon deep we lye,
Crampt with cold Captivity,
Where the bedleſs bottom owns
Nothing to relieve our bones;
Yet ſuch is the ſacred ſcope of the ſoul,
That we never think
Of the ſtink,
When cold water we drink,
For Conſcience crowns the bowl.

3.

Thus the ſhip of Reformation,
That was lately lancht in blood,
Floats in flouds of lamentation;
Let us now behold the wood,
Where the Royal Oak once growing,
Made it a perpetual ſpring;
There ſedition now is ſowing,
Hark what *Philomel* doth ſing.

4.

The Nightingale ſo quick,
Is now grown ſick, ſick, ſick,
To ſee the Royal vocal Wood,
So bonny and good, good good,
Where each bonny Bird did meet
With concord ſweet, ſweet ſweet,
Is defil'd by Rebels, where they hug
Their Leaguer Lady,
Jug jug, jug jug jug jug jug jug jug.

Thus

5.

Thus you ſee how tydes are turning,
No condition's laſting,
In a moment mirth and mourning,
Blowing buds are blaſting;
Fortune is
A coy Miſtris,
No man ever kept her;
She'l (by power)
In an hour
Make a Sword a Scepter.

6.

Yet let us wait upon her wheel,
And not with fury fret her;
For ſhe that turn'd from well to ill,
May turn from bad to better.

7

Therefore *Barre-boy* roar agen,
We will drink like Engliſhmen,
For every Pottle bring up ten;
I hope this is no Treaſon:
He that is
In a Land like this,
Muſt lay aſide his Reaſon.

8.

Then let us drink a Health to his fame,
Who for our tongues we dare not name,
Who for a Throne we dare not own;
But wee'll deviſe a curſe likewiſe
Upon the State-Hector, the People's Pro-jector,

May all they have done come home to their own *Drawer!* Bring up your Wine, and fill up your Pots, For we are the Men that have no Plots.

The Frollick.

A Medley of three Airs.

1.

A Qualm comes over me, Drawer bring
Up a Quart of Canary;
We will drink till our eyes
Out-ſparkle the Skies,
And make the full Moon miſcarry;
For ſince Canary will be a King,
This Room ſhall be a Star-Chamber,
'Cauſe the Glaſs in the cloſe
At every man's Noſe,
Reflects on his Brow like Amber:
But where are the Moon and Stars,
Alas! they have loſt their light;
We'l drink them up
T'other Cup,
Canary can fix 'em right:
Canary can conquer *Mars*,
And tumble his Target down;
What he can do
Who doth know,
'Till he gets in the Crown.

Why

2.

Why ſhould we heartleſs be,
But look up unto
Wine, and the wonders Canary can do;
Let us dance after chance
Like fairy Elves,
Drink down misfortune, and drink up our ſelves;
Drink till the hogſheads reel
One againſt t'other,
Then like right Stateſmen we'l
Drink one another:
All the chink
That we drink
Springs in our Meadows,
We ne're quaff
The tears of
Orphans and Widdows.

3.

'Tis but folly
To be formal holy,
Let's be jolly,
Hang up melancholy;
They that reprove us
Did never love us,
But would remove us,
That they might be above us:
Then let us tarry,
Leſt we miſcarry,
If we but vary
Our Principle Canary;

Al-

Although they ſcant us,
This ſhall not daunt us,
Though they out-vaunt us,
They never ſhall out-rant us.

The Jubilee, on the Coronation day. 23 April
Tune, *The King enjoyes his own again.* 1661.

1.

LEt every man with tongue and pen
Rejoyce that *Charles* is come agen,
To gain his Scepter and his Throne,
And give to every man his own;
Let all men that be
Together agree,
And freely now expreſs their joy:
Let your ſweeteſt voices bring
Pleaſant Songs unto the King,
To Crown his Coronation day.

2.

All that do tread on Engliſh earth
Shall live in freedom, peace and mirth;
The golden times are come, that we
Did one day think we ne're ſhould ſee:
Protector and Rump
Did put us in a dump,
When they their Colours did diſplay;
But the time is come about,
We are in, and they are out,
By King *Charles* his Coronation day.

FINIS.